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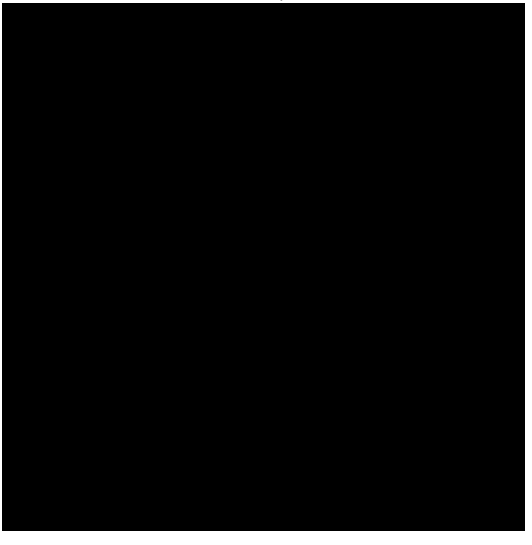

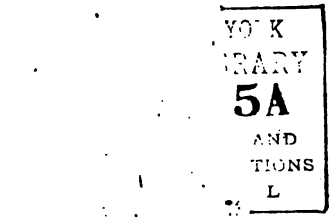
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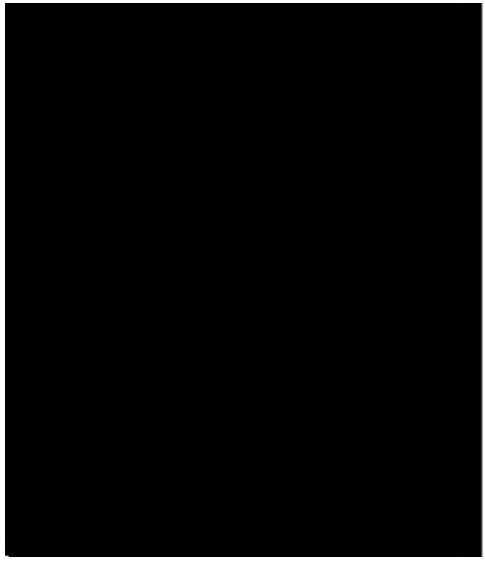

THE

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OF

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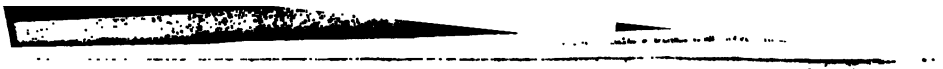

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

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THE

POEMS

OF

ROWE

AND

TICKELL.

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POEMS

BY

MR. NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I HOPE the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in tranſlating theſe Verſes ſomewhat at large, without which it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have given any kind of turn in Engliſh poetry to ſo dry a ſubject. The ſenſe of the Author is, I hope, no where miſtaken; and if there ſeems in ſome places to be ſome additions in the Engliſh verſes to the Greek text, they are only ſuch as may be juſtified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained ſenſe of the Author's ſhort precept. I have in ſome few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as thoſe that ſhall give themſelves the trouble of a ſtrict compariſon will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

To right and endless life, their virtue's fi
Due rites perform and honours to the c
To every wife, to every pious ſhade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred ſl
For what concerns the reſt of human k
Chooſe out the man to virtue beſt incli
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy b
Poſſeſt of ſuch a friend, preſerve him ſl
Nor thwart his counſels with thy ſtubb
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart, ſo true, ſo juſtly
Let no raſh word nor light offences tea
Bear all thou canſt, ſtill with his failin
And to the utmoſt ſtill, and ſtill forgi
For ſtrong neceſſity alone explores
The ſecret vigour of our latent powers
Rouzes and urges on the lazy heart.

Let reverence of thyſelf thy thoughts control,
And guard the ſacred temple of thy ſoul.
Let juſtice o'er thy word and deed preſide,
And reaſon ev'n thy meaneſt actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy paſt life ſhall ſtrictly be ſurvey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill moſt juſtly be repaid.
For wealth, the periſhing, uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no ſure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to paſs;
Revolve the getter's joy and loſer's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all thoſe ſorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee aſſign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
In what thou may'ſt, from wiſdom ſeek relief,
And let her healing hand aſſwage thy grief;
Yet ſtill whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cauſe ſoever multiplies thy pains,
Let not thoſe pains as ills be underſtood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reaſoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a ſure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore ſound and cool preſerve,
Nor lightly from thy reſolution ſwerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And ſweet perſuaſion wins the eaſy to believe.

When fools and lyars labour to perſuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and firſt, thyſelf concern;
Let not example, let no ſoothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's ſong,
To do thy ſoul's immortal eſſence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds expreſt,
Chooſe for thyſelf, and always chooſe the beſt.
Let wary thought each enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy taſk before begun,
Leſt folly ſhould the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitleſs labours with diſgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haſte,
A[illegible] without thought, and thoughtleſs words they

Let ſober draughts refreſh, and wholeſome fare
Decaying nature's waſted force repair;
And ſprightly exerciſe the duller ſpirits chear.
In all things ſtill which to this care belong,
Obſerve this rule, to guard thy ſoul from wrong.
By virtuous uſe thy life and manners frame,
Manly and ſimply pure, and free from blame.
Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curſe of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needleſs luxury to waſte
Thy wealth and ſubſtance with a ſpendthrift's haſte.
Yet flying theſe, be watchful, leſt thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to ſordid avarice inclin'd.
Diſtant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy Golden Mean.
Be careful ſtill to guard thy ſoul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
Let not the ſtealing God of Sleep ſurprize,
Nor creep in ſlumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou doſt and righteouſly ſurvey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal ſtand,
And anſwer juſtly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I trangreſs'd?
What good or ill has this day's life expreſs'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myſelf I owe?
Inquire ſevere what-e'er from firſt to laſt,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has paſt.

If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy ſoul with ſtrong remorſe be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy ſecret ſelf with pleaſure ſay,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.
  Theſe thoughts, and chiefly theſe thy mind ſhou
    move,
Employ thy ſtudy, and engage thy love.
Theſe are the rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
This by his name I ſwear, whoſe ſacred lore
Firſt to mankind explain'd the myſtic Four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty power.
  In all thou doſt firſt let thy prayers aſcend,
And to thy gods thy labours firſt commend.

Depriv'd of ſenſe, they neither hear nor ſee;
Fetter'd in vice, they ſeek not to be free,
But ſtupid, to their own ſad fate agree:
Like ponderous rolling-ſtones, oppreſs'd with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on ſtill,
Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
For native ſtrife in every boſom reigns,
And ſecretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat ceaſe,
And every yielding paſſion ſue for peace.
Would'ſt thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,
Reveal the Dæmon for that taſk aſſign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods celeſtial eſſence part.
Nor ſacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her myſtic rules reveal'd.
Theſe if to know thou happily attain,
Soon ſhalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded ſoul to health thou ſhalt reſtore,
And free from every pain ſhe felt before.
Abſtain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, ſo free thy ſoul;
So rightly judge; thy reaſon ſo maintain;
Reaſon which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that beſt reaſon ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forſake,
And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,
Among the gods exalted ſhalt thou ſhine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant death ſecurely ſhalt thou brave,
And ſcorn the dark dominion of the grave.

A POEM

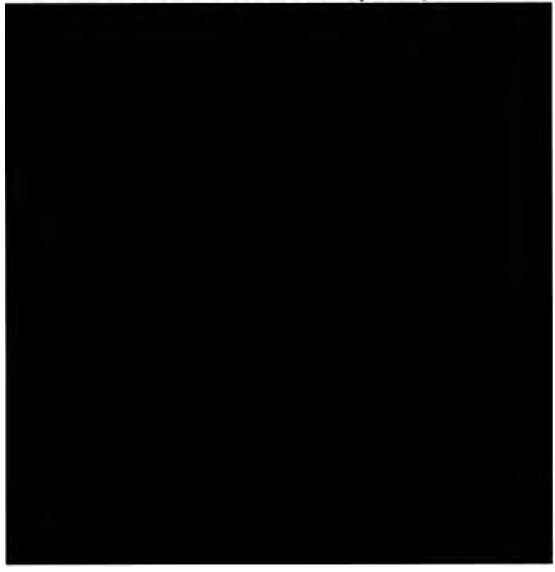
ON

THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, &c.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

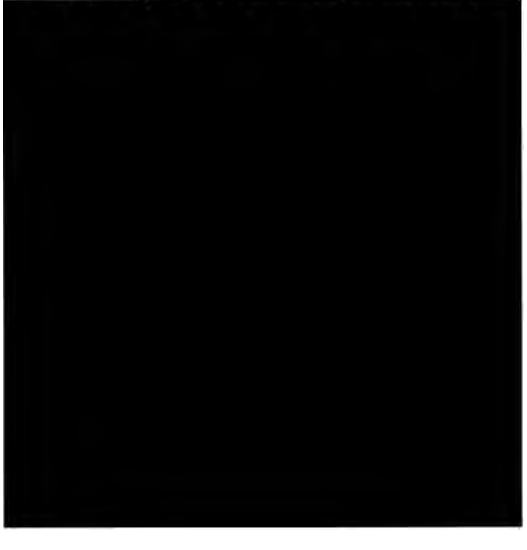
THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counſels wait,
And Anna truſts to thee the Britiſh ſtate;
While fame, to thee, from every foreign coaſt,
Flies with the news of empires won and loſt,
Relates whate'er her buſy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field;



Thence is her power, her ſceptre uncontrol'd,
To bend the ſtubborn, and repreſs the bold;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to aſſwage,
To heal their breaches, and to ſooth their rage;
Thence is that happy prudence, which preſides
In each deſign, and every action guides;
Thence is ſhe taught her ſhining court to grace,
And fix the worthieſt in the worthieſt place,
To truſt at home Godolphin's watchful care,
And ſend victorious Churchill forth to war.
Ariſe, ye nations reſcued by her ſword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Ariſe, and join the heroine to bleſs,
Behold ſhe ſends to ſave you from diſtreſs;
Rich is the royal bounty ſhe beſtows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and ſafety from your foes.
And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, diſdain
To wear inſlav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
For ſee! the Britiſh genius comes, to chear
Thy fainting ſons, and kindle them to war.
With her own glorious fires their ſouls ſhe warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
Unhappy land! the foremoſt once in fame,
Once lifting to the ſtars thy noble name,
In arts excelling, and in arms ſevere,
The weſtern kingdoms' envy, and their fear:
Where is thy pride, thy conſcious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour, and thy firſt renown?
How art thou ſunk among the nations now!
How haſt thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And dropt the warrior's wreath inglorious from thy brow!

Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,
But, oft, alternate, made the victors yield,
And prov'd their might in many a well-fought field
Bold in defence of liberty they ſtood,
And doubly dy'd their croſs in Mooriſh blood:
Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd,
The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd.
Then every nobler thought their minds did move,
And thoſe who fought for freedom, ſigh'd for love.
Like one, thoſe ſacred flames united live,
At once they languiſh, and once revive;
Alike they ſhun the coward and the ſlave,
But bleſs the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
Nor frown, ye fair, nor think my verſe untrue;



With the firſt laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath beſtows.
But ſoon the equal of his youthful years,
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears;
Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race)
In numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending war;
He views his hoſt, then ſcorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.
Now fame and empire, all the nobler ſpoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breaſts with more than mortal rage.
Not lawleſs love, not vengeance, nor deſpair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
As when ambition prompts the great to war;
As youthful kings, when, ſtriving for renown,
They prove their might in arms, and combat for a crown.
Hard was the cruel ſtrife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the chiefs ſuſpended conqueſt hung;
Till, forc'd at length, diſdaining much to yield,
Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
And ev'n the Britiſh valour ſeems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
Conſcious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
They vow the youthful monarch's fate to ſhare,
Above diſtreſs, unconquer'd by deſpair,
Still to defend the town, and animate the war.

But

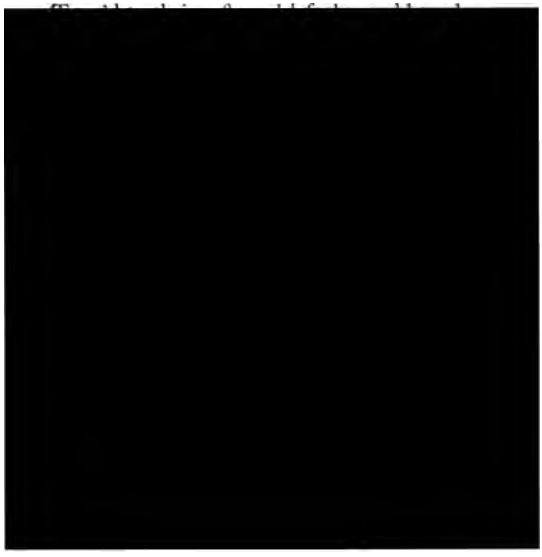
But lo! when every better hope was paſt,
When every day of danger ſeem'd their laſt,
Far on the diſtant ocean, they ſurvey,
Where a proud navy plows its watery way.
Nor long they doubted, but with joy deſcry,
Upon the chief's tall top-maſts waving high,
The Britiſh croſs and Belgic lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
Their cries of ecſtaſy, and rend the air;
In peals on peals the ſhouts triumphant riſe,
Spread ſwift, and rattle through the ſpacious ſkies
While, from below, old ocean groans profound,
The walls, the rocks, the ſhores, repel the ſound,
Ring with the deafening ſhock, and thunder all arour
Such was the joy the Trojan youth expreſs'd

[redacted]

Fatal ambition! ſay what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms!
When all thy ſpoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleaſure, pays not half thy pain.
All hail! ye ſofter, happier arts of peace,
Secur'd from harms, and bleſt with learned eaſe;
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unſkill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field;
But chief, thee, Goddeſs Muſe! my verſe would raiſe,
And to thy own ſoft numbers tune thy praiſe;
Happy the youth inſpir'd, beneath thy ſhade,
Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid!
There, ſafe, no pleaſures, there no pains they know,
But thoſe which from thy ſacred raptures flow,
Nor wiſh for crowns, but what thy groves beſtow.
Me, nymph divine! nor ſcorn my humble prayer,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler, though more lowly, fate,
Nor wiſhing once, nor knowing to be great;
Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring,
Where ſecret thy celeſtial ſiſters ſing,
Paſt by their ſacred hill, and ſweet Caſtalian ſpring.
But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
And raiſe his heart with high triumphant joy;
From hence a better courſe of time rolls on,
And whiter days ſucceſſive ſeem to run.
From hence his kinder fortune ſeems to date
The riſing glories of his future ſtate,

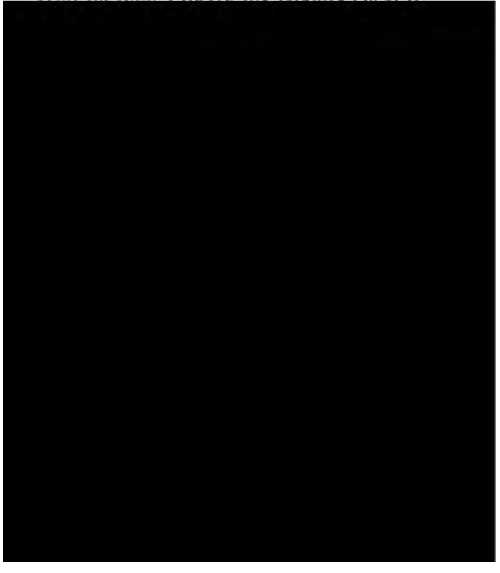
From

From hence!---But oh! too ſoon the hero mourns
His hopes deceiv'd, and war's inconſtant turns.
In vain, his echoing trumpets loud alarms
Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
Careleſs of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
In ſullen ſloth ſupinely proud they ſate;
Or to be ſlaves or free alike prepar'd,
And truſting heaven was bound to be their guard,
Untouch'd with ſhame, the noble ſtrife beheld,
Nor once eſſay'd to ſtruggle to the field;
But fought in the cold ſhade, and rural ſeat,
An unmoleſted eaſe and calm retreat:
Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
Then with a lazy dull indifference



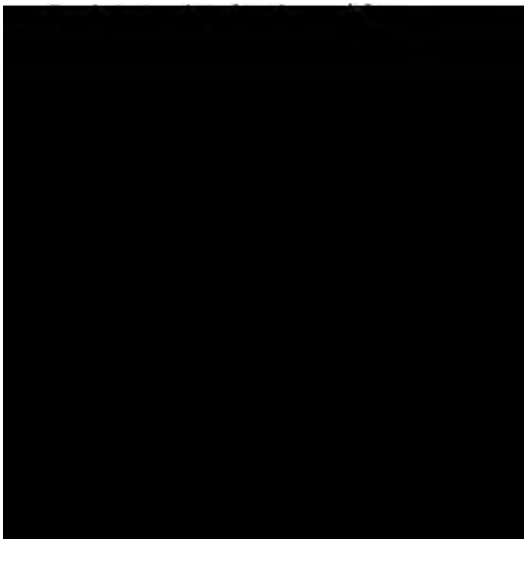
See! where at once Ramillia's noble field
Ten thouſand themes for living verſe ſhall yield.
See! where at once the dreadful objects riſe,
At once they ſpread before my wondering eyes,
And ſhock my labouring ſoul with vaſt ſurprize;
At once the wide extended battles move,
At once they join, at once their fate they prove.
The roar aſcends promiſcuous; groans and cries,
The drums, the cannons' burſt, the ſhout, ſupplies
One univerſal anarchy of noiſe.
One din confus'd, ſound mixt and loſt in ſound,
Echoes to all the frighted cities round.
Thick duſt and ſmoke in wavy clouds ariſe,
Stain the bright day, and taint the purer ſkies;
While flaſhing flames like lightening dart between,
And fill the horror of the fatal ſcene.
Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
Hate, fury, and inſatiate ſlaughter roam;
Diſcord with pleaſure o'er the ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds;
While fierce Bellona thunders in her car,
Shakes terrible her ſteely whip from far,
And with new rage revives the fainting war.
So when two currents rapid in their courſe
Ruſh to a point, and meet with equal force,
The angry billows rear their heads on high,
Daſhing aloft the foaming ſurges fly,
And riſing cloud the air with miſty ſpry;
The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
By liſtening ſhepherds on the diſtant ſhore,
While much they fear, what ills it ſhould portend,
And wonder why the watery gods contend.

High in the midſt, Britannia's warlike chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,
Is ſeen to preſs where death and dangers call,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt fall.
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms,
And animates the ſocial warriors' arms,
Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
In forms divine around him watchful wait
The guardian genii of the Britiſh ſtate;
Juſtice and Truth his ſteps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his ſide;
Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guar
And pleaſing Liberty his labours chear'd:



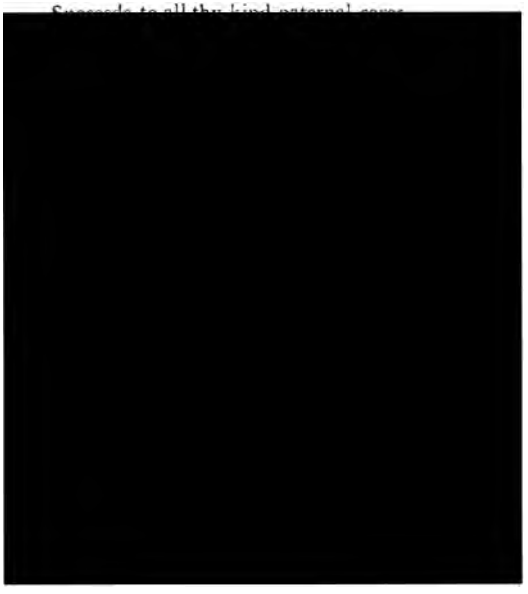
He ſees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
Shall ſhare the ſhame, and in one ruin fall;
Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
And heaven contending on the victor's ſide;
Then mourns his raſh ambition's crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the force of fate.
So when Æneas, through night's gloomy ſhade,
The dreadful forms of hoſtile gods ſurvey'd,
Hopeleſs he left the burning town and fled:
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
Or ſave what heaven had deſtin'd to deſtroy.
What vaſt reward, O Europe, ſhalt thou pay,
To him who ſav'd thee on this glorious day!
Bleſs him, ye grateful nations, where he goes,
And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.
In every land, in every city freed,
Let the proud column rear its marble head,
To Marlborough and Liberty decreed;
Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raiſe,
To teach your wondering ſons the hero's praiſe;
To him your ſkilful bards their verſe ſhall bring,
For him the tuneful voice be taught to ſing,
The breathing pipe ſhall ſwell, ſhall ſound the trembling ſtring.
O happy thou! where peace for ever ſmiles,
Britannia! nobleſt of the ocean's iſles,
Fair queen! who doſt amidſt thy waters reign,
And ſtretch thy empire o'er the fartheſt main:
What tranſports in thy parent boſom roll'd,
When fame at firſt the pleaſing ſtory told!

How didſt thou lift thy towery front on high!
Not meanly conſcious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy ſon as Crete was of her Jove,
How wert thou pleas'd heaven did thy choice approve,
And fixt ſucceſs where thou haſt fixt thy love!
How with regret his abſence didſt thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wiſht return!
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didſt thou chide the gods who rule the ſea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way
At length he comes, he ceaſes from his toil,
Like kings of old returning from the ſpoil;
To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to ſhare;



New flames are ſeen to ſparkle in her eyes,
And on her blooming cheek freſh roſes riſe;
The pleaſing paſſion heightens each bright hue,
And ſeems to touch the finiſh'd piece anew,
Improves what nature's bounteous hand had given,
And mends the faireſt workmanſhip of heaven.
Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
But ſpreads to all the grateful people round;
Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
To tend the flocks and turn the mellow ſoil,
In homely guiſe their honeſt hearts expreſs,
And bleſs the warrior who protects the peace,
Who keeps the foe aloof and drives afar
The dreadful ravage of the waſting war.
No rude deſtroyer cuts the ripening crop,
Prevents the harveſt, and deludes their hope;
No helpleſs wretches fly with wild amaze,
Look weeping back, and ſee their dwellings blaze;
The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
Nor hear the threats of the inſulting foe,
But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
The chearful voice of mirth is heard to ſound,
And Plenty doles her various bounties round,
The humble village, and the wealthy town,
Conſenting join their happineſs to own:
What heaven and Anna's gentleſt reign afford,
All is ſecur'd by Marlborough's conquering ſword.
O ſacred, ever honour'd name! O thou!
That wert our greateſt William once below!
What place ſoe'er thy virtues now poſſeſs
Near the bright ſource of everlaſting bliſs,

Where-e'er exalted to etherial height,
Radiant with ſtars, thou tread'ſt the fields of light,
Thy ſeats divine, thy heaven a-while forſake,
And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but ſtill thou ſhalt delight
To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
How fail'd oppreſſion, and prevail'd the right.
What once below, ſuch ſtill thy pleaſures are,
Europe and Liberty are ſtill thy care;
Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is ſtill the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.
Behold where Marlborough, thy laſt beſt gift,
At parting to thy native Belgia left,



Swift to her friends diſtreſs'd her ſuccours fly,
And diſtant wars her wealthy ſons ſupply:
From ſlow unactive courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
By tedious languiſhing delays is held
Repining, and impatient, from the field:
While factious ſtateſmen riot in exceſs,
And lazy prieſts whole provinces poſſeſs,
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the ſtarv'd ſoldier ſues for bread in vain;
At once with generous indignation warm,
Britain the treaſure ſends, and bids the hero arm,
Straight eager to the field, he ſpeeds away,
There vows the victor Gaul ſhall dear repay
The ſpoils of Calcinato's fatal day:
Chear'd by the preſence of the chief they love,
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each ſoldier lifts his drooping head,
Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead;
Again their creſts the German eagles rear,
Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air;
Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
The chief commands, and ſoon in dread array
Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
With hardy marches and ſucceſsful haſte,
O'er every barrier fortunate they paſs'd,
Which nature or the ſkilful foe had plac'd.
The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
To mark which way the wary leader bends,

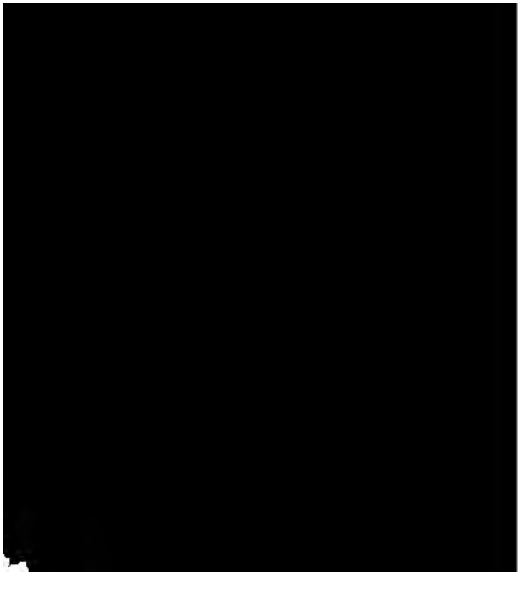
Vainly in war's myſterious rules is wiſe,
Lurks where tall woods and thickeſt coverts riſe,
And meanly hopes a conqueſt from ſurprize.
Now with ſwift horſe the plain around them beats,
And oft advances, and as oft retreats;
Now fix'd to wait the coming force, he ſeems,
Secur'd by ſteepy banks and rapid ſtreams;
While river-gods in vain exhauſt their ſtore;
From plenteous urns the guſhing torrents pour,
Riſe o'er their utmoſt margins to the plain,
And ſtrive to ſtay the warrior's haſte in vain;
Alike they paſs the plain and cloſer wood,
Explore the ford, and tempt the ſwelling flood,
Unſhaken ſtill purſue the ſtedfaſt courſe,
And where they want their way, they find it on their ſo

Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
Nor all the Gallic powers his promis'd aid delay.
Like truth itſelf unknowing how to fail,
He ſcorn'd to doubt, and knew he muſt prevail.
Thus ever certain does the ſun appear,
Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
Thus conſtant to his courſe ſets out at morn,
Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is born,
And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.
Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
Their friendly ſuccour for the brave prepare,
And on the foe united bend the war.
O'er the ſteep trench and ramparts guarded height,
At once they ruſh, and drive the rapid flight;
With idle arms the Gallic legions ſeem
To ſtem the rage of the reſiſtleſs ſtream;
At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
Headlong are puſh'd and ſwept along the field;
Reſiſtance ceaſes, and 'tis war no more,
At once the vanquiſh'd own the victor's power;
Throughout the field, where-e'er they turn their ſight,
'Tis all or conqueſt or inglorious flight;
Swift to their reſcued friends their joys they bear,
With life and liberty at once they chear,
And ſave them in the moment of deſpair.
So timely to the aid of ſinking Rome,
With active haſte did great Camillus come:
So to the Capitol he forc'd his way,
So from the proud Barbarians ſnatch'd his prey,
And ſav'd his country in one ſignal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis ceaſe!
And leave at length the labouring world in peace,
Leſt heaven diſcloſe ſome yet more fatal ſcene,
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
Leſt from thy hand thou ſee thy ſceptre torn,
And humbled in the duſt thy loſſes mourn:
Leſt urg'd at length thy own repining ſlave,
Though fond of burdens, and in bondage brave,
Purſue thy hoary head with curſes to the grave.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA.

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES



Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From heaven they both the gods beſt gifts were ſent,
Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad poets and looſe loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might bluſh to own,
Beneath cool ſhades our happy fathers lay,
And ſpent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artleſs their loves, artleſs their numbers were,
While Nature ſimply did in both appear,
Now could the cenſor or the critic fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what heaven beſtow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given good.
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We loſt being happy, to be thought more wiſe.
In one curs'd age, to puniſh verſe and ſin,
Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the laws had both the ſame ill fate,
And partial tyrants ſway'd in either ſtate.
Ill-natur'd cenſure would be ſure to damn
An alien-wit of independent fame,
While Bays grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was ſuffer'd to write on in ſpite of ſenſe;
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enſlave the free-born Engliſh ſong;
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his Plays run on;
Then a lewd tide of verſe, with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the morals of the age.

The

The Stage (whoſe art was once the mind to move
To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
Precept, with pleaſure mix'd, no more profeſt,
But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jeſt:
The ſhocking ſounds offend the bluſhing fair,
And drive them from the guilty Theatre.
Ye wretched bards! from whom theſe ills have ſprung,
Whom the avenging powers have ſpar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will ſurely come,
Your Sodom has no Ten to avert its doom;
Unleſs the fair Ardelia will alone
To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can Ten Saints do more than ſuch a One.
Since ſhe alone of the poetic crowd
To the falſe gods of wit has never bow'd,

In verſe like his, the heavenly nation raiſe
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praiſe.
Nor ſhall celeſtial harmony diſdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly ſtrain,
Whoſe fame ſecure, no rival e'er can fear,
But thoſe above, and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his ſacred heights purſue;
Safe through the Dithyrambic ſtream ſhe ſteer'd,
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;
Not ſo the reſt, who with ſucceſsleſs pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.
So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruſcans ſtruck with wonder ſtood:
Amidſt the waves her raſh purſuers dy'd,
The matchleſs dame could only ſtem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther ſide.
See with what pomp the antic maſque comes in!
The various forms of the fantaſtic ſpleen.
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
Falſe joy, bred by falſe hope, and falſer fears;
Each vice, each paſſion which pale nature wears,
In this odd monſtrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Bays 's dance, confuſedly round they run,
Stateſman, Coquet, gay Fop, and penſive Nun,
Spectres and Heroes, Huſbands and their Wives,
With Monkiſh Drones that dream away their lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire diſeaſe,
Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, eaſe:
The dancing verſe runs through my ſluggiſh veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.

Pale

Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haſte,
And to returning joy reſign my breaſt;
Then free from every pain I did endure,
I bleſs the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great muſician play'd,
The ſullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the monarch's breaſt, to ſeek ſome ſaferſhade.

SONG.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Diſſolving in his arms.

Thus to themſelves alone they are

EPIGRAM TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

THOUGH in the Commons Houſe you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Maſter Hale;
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying;
Burgeſs for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predeceſſors have been oddly fated;
Aſgill and Shippen have been both *tranſlated.*

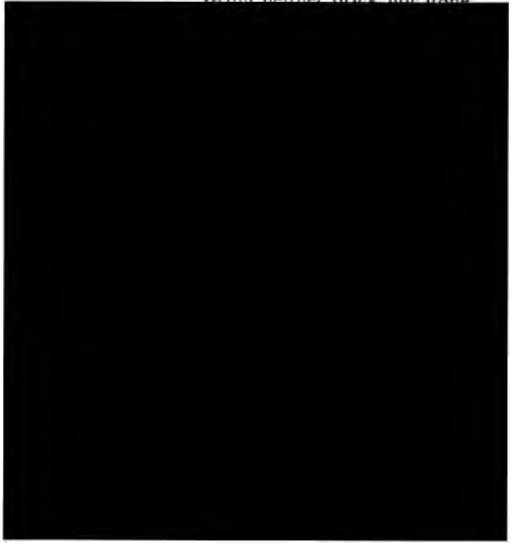
VERSES MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them ſilent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And ſcatters tempeſts brewing there:
Thus bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

ON

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S FIRST COMIN TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION ſtrikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and ſtone conſpire
To raiſe the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praiſe
Two Latian Signors come,
A ſinking theatre to raiſe
And prop Van's tottering dome.
But how this laſt ſhould come to paſs
Muſt ſtill remain unknown,
Since theſe poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither brick nor ſtone.



gay ſoul, with ſenſe, and will to rove,
nguage, and with ſoftneſs fram'd to move,
tle truth, but with a world of love.
ms on maids in morning ſlumbers wait,
ancy firſt inſtructs their hearts to beat,
irſt they wiſh, and ſigh for what they know
ot yet.
ot, ye fair, to think your lovers may
our cold hearts by ſome unguarded way;
eroy's misfortune make you wiſe,
danger ſtill in darkneſs and ſurprize;
from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
ugene found an aqueduct below.
ſy freedom, and a gay addreſs,
ng lover ſeldom wants ſucceſs:
he reſpectful, like the Greek, ſits down,
ſtes a ten years ſiege before one town.
own ſake let no forſaken maid,
derer for want of love, upbraid;
s a ſecret, none ſhould e'er confeſs,
ey have loſt the happy power to pleaſe.
uſpect the rogue inclin'd to break,
rſt, and ſwear you 've turn'd him off a week;
es when they reſty ſtates-men doubt,
hey can ſurrender, turn them out.
'er you think, grave uſes may be made,
h, ev'n for Inconſtancy be ſaid.
good man for Marriage Rites deſign'd,
dious care, and diligence of mind,
er every Page of Womankind;

Mark

Mark every Senſe, and how the Readings vary,
And when he knows the worſt on't--let him marry.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER:

A COMEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE I LIOCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IF humble wives, that drag the marriage-chain
With curſed dogged huſbands, may complain;

Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race?
Been often pregnant with your wits embrace?
And borne you many chopping babes of grace?
Some ugly toads we had, and that 's the curſe,
They were ſo like you, that you far'd the worſe;
For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
Look on 't, and if you like it, entertain:
If all the midwife ſays of it be true,
There are ſome features too like ſome of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forſake it,
We mean to run away, and let the pariſh take it.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April the 7th, 1709, at her playing in LOVE FOR LOVE with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the benefit of Mr. Betterton.

AS ſome brave knight, who once with ſpear and ſhield
Had fought renown in many a well-fought field;
But now no more with ſacred fame inſpir'd,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd:
[illegible]re, if by chance diſaſtrous tales he hears,
[illegible]matrons wrongs, and captive virgins tears,
[illegible]eels ſoft pity urge his generous breaſt,
[illegible] vows once more to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
[illegible]kled in mail, he ſallies on the plain,
[illegible] turns him to the feats of arms again.

So we, to former leagues of friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
To aid Old Thomas, and to pleaſure you.
Like errant damſels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs ſtage.
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any ſhe ſhould hold his back;
But now, ſo age and frailty have ordain'd,
By * two at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd,
You ſee what failing nature brings man to;
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.
Though old, yet find his ſtrength is not clean paſt,
But true as ſteel he 's metal to the laſt.

But ſince, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the generous work compleat:
Be true to merit, and ſtill own his cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare applauſe.
In juſt remembrance of your pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a diſcharge at laſt;
In peace and eaſe life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buſkin * there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT,

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL—'twas a narrow 'ſcape my Lover made,
That Cup and Meſſage—I was ſore afraid—
Was that a Preſent for a new-made Widow,
All in her diſmal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for ſomething good,
There was—Oh! Gad! a naſty Heart and Blood †,

* Pointing to the top of the ſtage.

† This tragedy was founded upon the ſtory of Segiſmonda and Guiſcardo, one of Boccace's novels; wherein the Heart of the Lover is ſent by the Father to his Daughter, as a preſent.

If the old man had ſhewn himſelf a father,
His Bowl ſhould have inclos'd a Cordial rather,
Something to chear me up amidſt my trance,
L'Eau de Bardè—or comfortable Nants*!
He thought he paid it off with being ſmart,
And, to be witty, cry'd, he'd ſend the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover
Were I our ſex's ſeciets to diſcover,
'Tis what we never look'd for in a Lover.
Let but the Bridegroom prudently provide
All other Matters fitting for a Bride,
So he make good the Jewels and the Jointure,
To miſs the Heart, does ſeldom diſappoint her.
Faith, for the faſhion Hearts of late are made in,

What ſurer pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear pledge * your Monarch left behind!
See how his Looks his honeſt Heart explain,
And ſpeak the bleſſings of his future Reign!
In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
And read Plain-dealing written in his Face.

PROLOGUE TO THE NON-JUROR.

A COMEDY. BY MR. CIBBER.

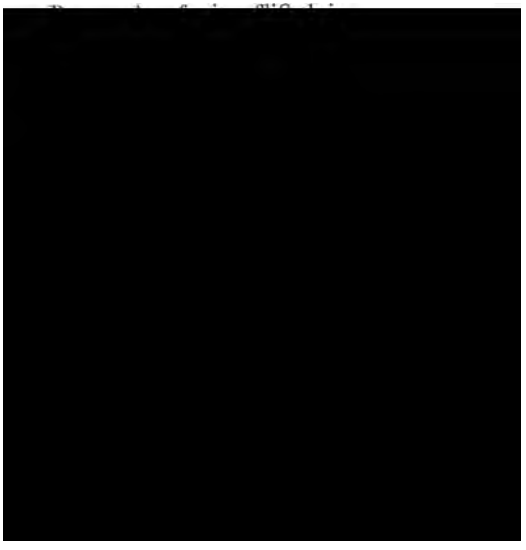
AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO-night, ye Whigs and Tories, both be ſafe,
Nor hope at one another's coſt to laugh.
We mean to ſouſe old Satan and the Pope;
They've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
A tool of theirs ſupplies the comic ſtage
With juſt materials for ſatiric rage:
Nor think our colours may too ſtrongly paint
The ſtiff Non-Juring Separation Saint.
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To thoſe who give the nation to the devil;
Who at our ſureſt, beſt foundation ſtrike,
And hate our monarch and our church alike;
Our church—which, aw'd with reverential fear,
Scarcely the Muſe preſumes to mention here.

* The prince of Wales then preſent.

Long may ſhe theſe her worſt of foes defy,
And lift her mitred head triumphant to the ſky:
While theirs-----but ſatire ſilently diſdains
To name, what lives not, but in madmen's brains
Like bawds, each lurking paſtor ſeeks the dark,
And fears the juſtice's enquiring clerk.
In cloſe back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies
There ſafe, he lets his thundering cenſures fly,
Unchriſtens, damns us, gives our laws the lye,
And excommunicates three ſtories high.
Why, ſince a land of liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this free-born ſtate?
Here, every hour, freſh, hateful, objects riſe,



HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

I.

DO not, moſt fragrant earl, diſclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown;
But publicly eſpouſe the dame,
And ſay, G—— d—— the town.

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply ſmitten been,
Although right good commanders;
Some who with you have Hounſlow ſeen,
And ſome who've been in Flanders.

III.

Did not baſe Greber's * Pegg inflame
The ſober earl of Nottingham,
Of ſober ſire deſcended?
That, careleſs of his ſoul and fame,
To play-houſes he nightly came,
And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is hight,
Who rules the roaſt with matchleſs might,
Since William went to heaven;
Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
Who was but Scarron's leaving.

* Signora Franceſco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian ſongſtreſs.

V.

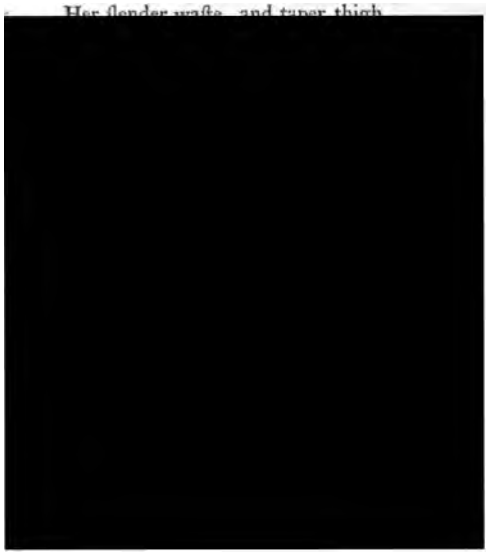
Though thy dear's father kept an inn
At griſly head of Saracen,
For carriers at Northampton;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler kin,
Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had ſhe,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
Which ſhe with ſcorn rejected:
And can a nymph ſo virtuous be
Of baſe-born blood ſuſpected?

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguiſh eye,
Her ſlender waiſt, and taper thigh,



THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my houſe in Fleet-ſtreet once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time paſs'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
I was the happieſt creature on God's yearth *."

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not ſuch a paſſion;
While yet you did not uſe (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toaſt their ladies;
Thou, Jacob Tonſon, wert to my conceiving,
The chearfulleſt, beſt, honeſt fellow living.

TONSON.

I 'm in with captain Vanburgh at the preſent,
A moſt *ſweet-natur'd* gentleman, and pleaſant;
He writes your comedies, draws ſchemes, and models,
And builds dukes houſes upon very odd hills:
For him, ſo much I dote on him, that I,
If I was ſure to go to heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple † and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;
And

* Tonſon (Sen.) his dialect.
† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards lord Cobham.

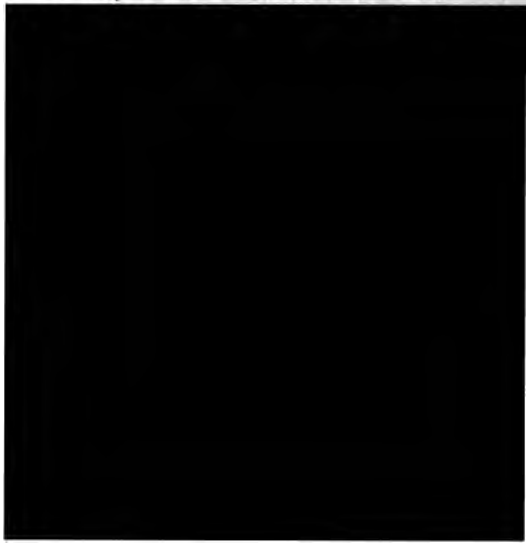
And though for them I ſhall ſcarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them ſix nights in ſeven.

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I ſhould retire,
And once more warm my * Bunnians at your fire;
If I to Bow-Street ſhould invite you home,
And ſet a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come?

CONGREVE.

Though the gay ſailor, and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing-bear;
Yet for your ſake I 'd bid them both adieu,



II.

Since to ſome day propitious and great,
Juſtly at firſt thou was deſign'd by fate;
This day, the happieſt of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou ſhalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay)
Till every anxious thought in the rich ſtream be drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughneſs ſhall ſubmit,
And Socrates himſelf a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would ſometimes unbend
The rugged ſtiffneſs of his mind,
Stern and ſevere, the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And ſoon grew pleas'd, and ſoon grew warm,
And bleſs'd the ſprightly power that chear'd his gloomy ſoul.

IV.

With kind conſtraint ill-nature thou doſt bend,
And mould the ſnarling cynic to a friend.
The ſage reſerv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows ſumm'd up in thee,
And by thy power unlock'd, grows eaſy, gay, and free.
The ſwain, who did ſome credulous nymph perſuade
To grant him all, inſpir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-fops toaſts the abandon'd maid.

V. The

V.

The wretch who, preſs'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, deſpairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd ſenſe invade,
From earth he rears his drooping head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceaſes now to mourn;
His flying cares give way to haſte,
And to the god reſign his breaſt,
Where hopes of better days, and better things return.

VI.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
Amidſt his wants, a wretched life maintains;
If thy rich juice his homely ſupper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my breaſt
Late, with long eaſe and peaceful pleaſures bleſt;
Spare, ſpare the wretch, that ſtill has been thy ſlave,
And let my former ſervice have
The merit to protect me to the grave.
Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under Cynera the good and fair,
With joy I did thy fetters wear,
Bleſs'd in the gentle ſway of an indulgent queen.
Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
Why doſt thou urge me ſtill to bear? Oh! why
Doſt thou not much rather fly
To youthful breaſts, to mirth and gaiety?
Go, bid thy ſwans their gloſſy wings expand,
And ſwiftly through the yielding air
To Damon thee their goddeſs bear,
Worthy to be thy ſlave, and fit for thy command.
Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue.
Skill'd in a thouſand ſoft prevailing arts,
With wondrous force the youth imparts
Thy power to unexperienc'd virgins hearts.
Far ſhall he ſtretch the bounds of thy command;
And if thou ſhalt his wiſhes bleſs,
Beyond his rivals with ſucceſs,
In gold and marble ſhall thy ſtatues ſtand.

Beneath

Beneath the ſacred ſhade of Odel's wood,
Or on the banks of Ouſe's gentle flood,
With odorous beams a temple he ſhall raiſe,
For ever ſacred to thy praiſe,
Till the fair ſtream, and wood, and love itſelf decays.
There while rich incenſe on thy altar burns,
Thy votaries, the nymphs and ſwains,
In melting, ſoft harmonious ſtrains,
Mix'd with the ſofter flutes, ſhall tell their flames
turns.
As love and beauty with the light are born,
So with the day thy honours ſhall return;
Some lovely youth, pair'd with a bluſhing maid,
A troop of either ſex ſhall lead,

[redacted]

And when my ſtruggling thoughts for paſſage ſtrove,
Why did my tongue refuſe to move;
Tell me can this be any thing but love?
Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew,
Still ſhe is preſent to my eyes,
And ſtill in vain I, as ſhe flies,
O'er woods, and plains, and ſeas, the ſcornful maid purſue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE IV. IMITATED.

TO

RICHARD THORNHILL, Esq*.

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my heart commend
The critic's art, and candour of a friend,
Say what thou doſt in thy retirement find,
Worthy the labours of thy active mind;
Whether the tragic Muſe inſpires thy thought,
To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
Or whether to the covert of ſome grove
Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove,
Where to thyſelf thou all thoſe rules doſt ſhow,
That good men ought to practiſe, or wiſe know.
For ſure thy maſs of men is no dull clay,
But well-inform'd with the celeſtial ray.
The bounteous gods, to thee compleatly kind,
In a fair frame inclos'd thy fairer mind;

And

* Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

And though they did profuſely wealth beſtow,
They gave thee the true uſe of wealth to know.
Could ev'n the nurſe wiſh for her darling boy
A happineſs which thou doſt not enjoy:
What can her fond ambition aſk beyond
A ſoul by wiſdom's nobleſt precepts crown'd?
To this fair ſpeech, and happy utterance join'd,
T' unlock the ſecret treaſures of the mind,
And make the bleſſing common to mankind.
On theſe let health and reputation wait,
The favour of the virtuous and the great:
A table chearfully and cleanly ſpread,
Stranger alike to riot and to need:
Such an eſtate as no extremes may know,
A free and juſt diſdain for all things elſe below.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brighteſt red the bluſhing Roſe
Her freſheſt opening beauties did diſcloſe;
Her, the rough Thiſtle from a neighbouring field,
With fond deſires and lover's eyes beheld:
Straight the *fierce plant* lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the *gentle flower* with ſofter arts.
Kindly *ſhe* heard, and did *his* flame approve,
And own'd the *warrior* worthy of *her* love.
Flora, whoſe happy laws the ſeaſons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preſide,
And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride,
With pleaſure ſaw the *wiſhing pair* combine,
To favour what their Goddeſs did deſign,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning year,
One ſtem the Thiſtle and the Roſe ſhall bear:
The Thiſtle's laſting grace, thou, O my Roſe! ſhalt be,
The warlike Thiſtle's *arms*, a ſure *defence to thee*.

ON CONTENTMENT.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD *.

MANY that once, by Fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidſt the wealthy and the great appear'd;
Have wiſely from thoſe envy'd heights declin'd,
Have ſunk to that juſt level of mankind,
Where nor *too little* nor *too much* gives the *true peace of mind*.

* In his Meditationes Sacræ.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT,

AND

THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bleſs'd day, from every part, the juſt,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering duſt,
The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
All of paſt ages, preſent and to come,
In full aſſembly ſhall at once reſort,
And meet within high heaven's capacious court:
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we ſhall behold,
From whom old ſtocks and anceſtry began,
And worthily in long ſucceſſion ran;
The reverend ſires with pleaſure ſhall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS.

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, ſilly ſwain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great.
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town?

To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Though the Muſes my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy falſe-one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

YE winds to whom Colin complains,
In ditties ſo ſad and ſo ſweet,
Believe me, the ſhepherd but feigns
He 's wretched, to ſhew he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is ſome pretty new art;
Ah! Colin 's a jugler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will, he can ſigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face,
Can tremble, and alter his tale,
Ah! Colin has every pace:
The willow my rover prefers
To the breaſt, where he once beg'd to lie
And the ſtream, that he ſwells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

III.

His head my fond boſom would bear,
And my heart would ſoon beat him to reſt;
Let the ſwain that is ſlighted deſpair,
But Colin is only in jeſt:
No death the deceiver deſigns,
Let the maid that is ruin'd deſpair;
For Colin but dies in his lines,
And gives himſelf that modiſh air.

IV.

Can ſhepherds, bred far from the court,
So wittily talk of their flame?
But Colin makes paſſion his ſport,

[redacted]

VI.

Of the violet, daiſy, and roſe,
The hearts-eaſe, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compoſe,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink;
How oft, my dear ſwain, did I ſwear,
How much my fond love did admire
Thy verſes, thy ſhape, and thy air,
Though deck'd in thy rural attire!

VII.

Your ſheep-hook you rul'd with ſuch art,
That all your ſmall ſubjects obey'd;
And ſtill you reign'd king of this heart,
Whoſe paſſion you falſely upbraid;
How often, my ſwain, have I ſaid,
Thy arms are a palace to me,
And how well I could live in a ſhade,
Though adorned with nothing but thee!

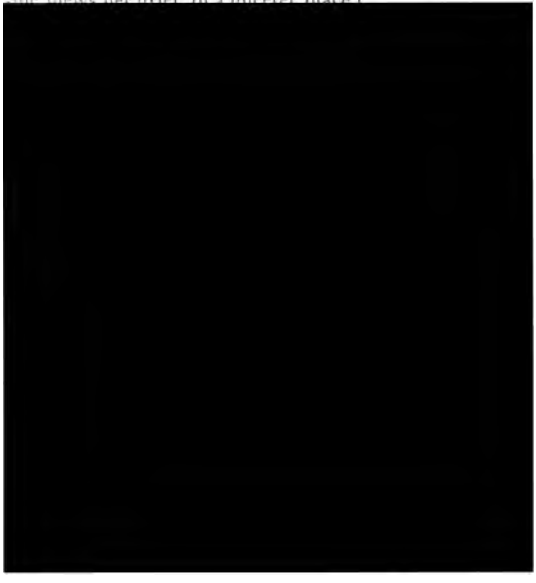
VIII.

Oh! what are the ſparks of the town,
Though never ſo fine and ſo gay?
I freely would leave beds of down,
For thy breaſt on a bed of new hay:
Then, Colin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love,
Let me find thee a faithful true ſwain,
And as conſtant a nymph I will prove.

EPIGRAM

ON A LADY WHO SHED HER WATER AT SEEING THE TRAGEDY OF CATO; OCCASIONED BY AN EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO WEPT AT IT.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia ſate:
But though her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Though ſecret yet with copious ſtreams ſhe mourns,
Like twenty River-Gods with all their urns.
Let others ſcrew an hypocritic face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place!



MÆCENAS.

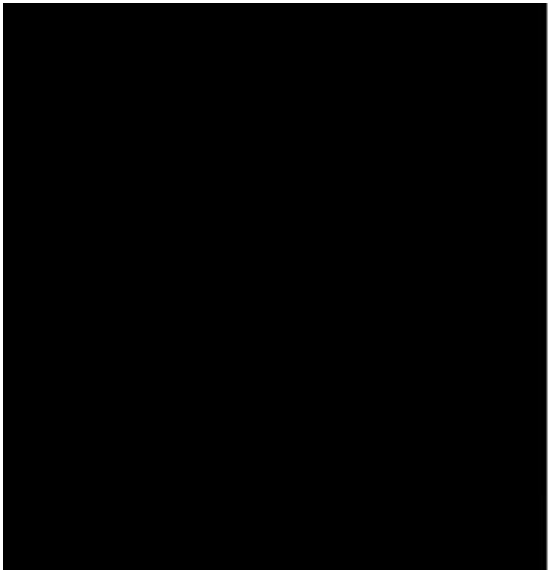
VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE HONOURS CONFERRED ON THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALIFAX, 1714; BEING THAT YEAR INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

PHOEBUS and Cæſar once conſpir'd to grace
A noble knight, of ancient Tuſcan race.
The monarch, greatly conſcious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the patriot with the Civic crown,
The Conſul's Faſces and Patrician gown:
The world's whole wealth he gave him to beſtow,
And teach the ſtreams of treaſure where to flow:
To him he bade the ſuppliant nations come,
And on his counſels fix'd the fate of Rome.
The God of Wit, who taught him firſt to ſing,
And tune high numbers to the vocal ſtring,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.
Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my ſhare;
Our common favourite is our common care.
Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
The ſervice of his faithful heart is thine;
There let thy Julian Star an emblem ſhine;
His mind, and her imperial ſeat are mine.
Then bind his brow, ye Theſpian maids, he ſaid:
The willing Muſes the command obey'd,
And wove the deathleſs laurel for his head.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, THEN REGENT, APPEARING AT THE FIRE IN SPRING-GARDEN, 1776.

THY Guardian, bleſt Britannia, ſcorns to ſleep,
When the ſad ſubjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increaſe diſtreſs;
He faces danger, and ſo makes it leſs.
Tyrants on blazing towns may ſmile with joy;
He knows, to *ſave*, is greater than *deſtroy*.



SONG

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bleſs their light divine;
I ſtand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they ſhine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth ſhe ſeems
To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at thoſe bright beams,
Nor wakens into ſenſe.

III.

Loſt and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That nature's laviſh hand had wrought
This faireſt work in vain.

IV.

Thus ſome, who have the ſtars ſurvey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think thoſe glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-Fool to bed.

OCCASIONED

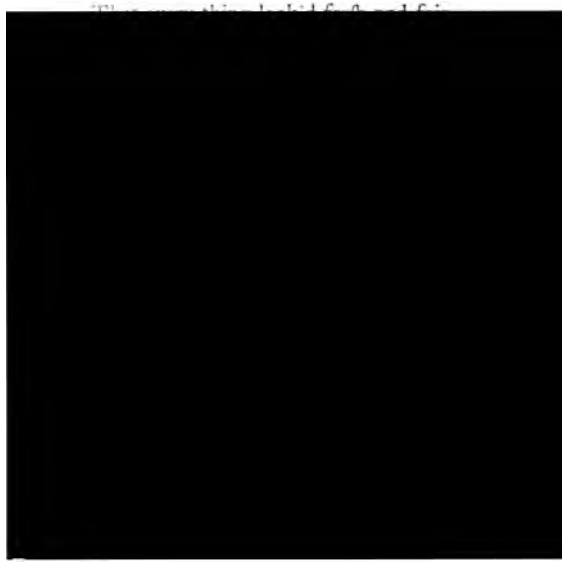
OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK AT HOLLAND-HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bower crown'd
The ſummit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like ſervants on her will.

II.

I went, and found 'twas as they ſaid,



V.

Soon as the ſkilful Leach beheld
The change that in my health was grown:
Blame not, he cry'd, nor wood nor field;
Diſeaſes which ſuch ſymptoms yield,
Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

VI.

Alike ſhe kills in every air,
The coldeſt breaſt her beauties warm;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been ſo fair,
The place had never done you harm.

STANZAS

TO LADY WARWICK ON MR. ADDISON'S GOING TO IRELAND.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the ſea!
Who chain loud ſtorms, and ſtill the raging main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover ſafe again.

II.

When Albion's ſhore with chearleſs heart he left,
Penſive and ſad upon the deck he ſtood,
Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his ſorrows in the ſwelling flood.

III. Ah,

III.

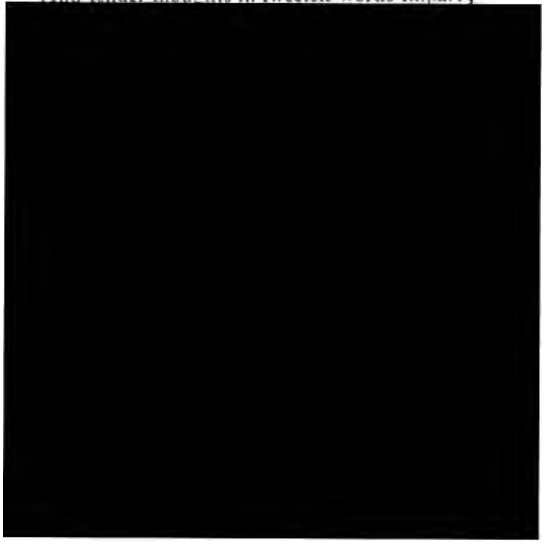
Ah, faireſt maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his juſt reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wiſhes join,
That thou at length may'ſt pay him for his pain.

IV.

And ſince his love does thine alone purſue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be by his example true,
And ſhun thy ſex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in ſweeteſt words impart;



THE VISIT.

WIT and Beauty t' other day,
Chanc'd to take me in their way;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the Graces and Good-nature,
Converſation care-beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever ſmiling,
All the pleaſures here below,
Men can aſk, or gods beſtow.
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell * and How.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D——.

I.

AS on a ſummer's day
In the greenwood ſhade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

II. And

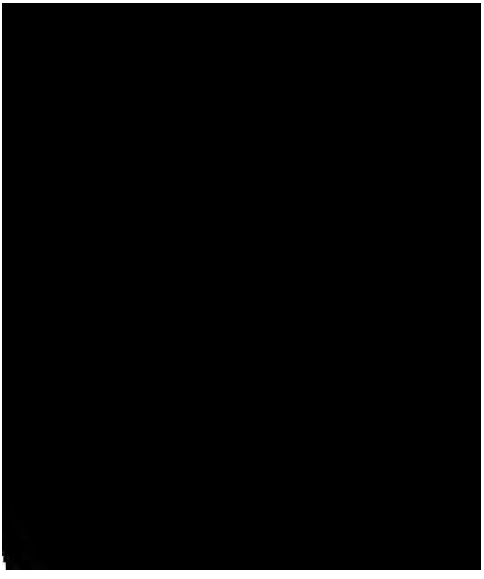
* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.

II.

And as ſhe paſſed by
With a ſcornful glance of her eye,
What a ſhame, quoth ſhe,
For a ſwain muſt it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

And doſt thou nothing heed,
What Pan our god has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the ſweeteſt ſhepherd's reed?



VI.

Alas! my love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

VII.

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen;
Or the brightest Queen of May.

VIII.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

SONG. AH WILLOW.

TO THE SAME, IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

II.

Sweet ſtream, he cry'd ſadly, I'll teach thee to flow.
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters ſhall riſe to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

III.

All reſtleſs and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the ſad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye ſoft ſlumbers repair;
Ah willow, &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make he,

VIII.

If no more my ſad heart by thoſe eyes ſhall be chear'
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more ſhall be heard;
Ah willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair-one; thou dear-one, believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few ſighs to thy loſs, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee ſhall be ty'd,
Ah willow, &c.
And ſoon lay thy ſhepherd cloſe by thy cold ſide.
Ah willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle brook; and to loſe thyſelf, haſte;
Ah willow, willow.
'ade thou too, my willow, this verſe is my laſt;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

TO THE SAME, SINGING.

I.

WHAT charms in melody are found
To ſoften every pain!
do we catch the healing ſound,
d feel the ſoothing ſtrain!

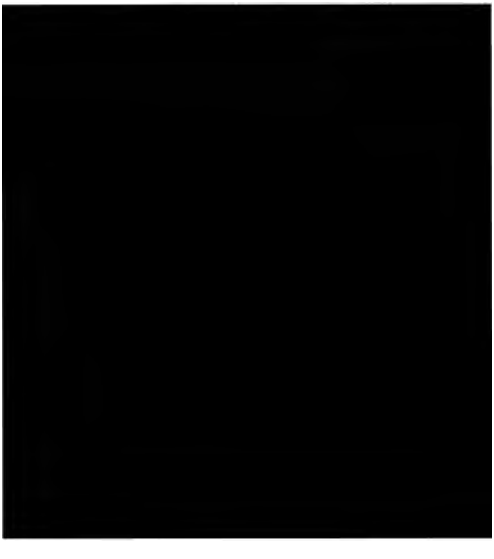
II.

Still when I hear thee, O my fair,
I bid my heart rejoice;
I ſhake off every ſullen care,
For ſorrow flies thy voice.

III.

The ſeaſons Philomel obey,
Whene'er they hear her ſing;
She bids the winter fly away,
And ſhe recalls the ſpring.

SONG,



SONG.

'Tis not becauſe I love you leſs,
Or think you not a true one;
But if the truth I muſt confeſs,
I always lov'd a new-one.

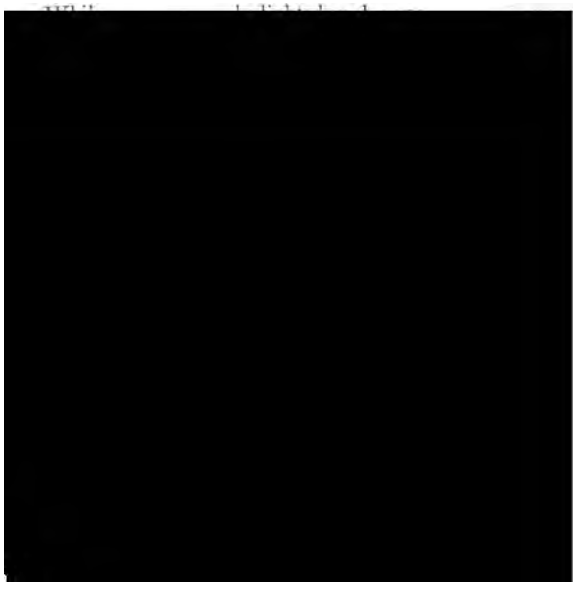
TO LORD WARWICK ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN, fraught with all that grateful minds can move,
With friendſhip, tenderneſs, reſpect, and love;
The Muſe had wiſh'd, on this returning day,
Something moſt worthy of herſelf to ſay:
To Jove ſhe offer'd up an humble prayer,
To take the noble Warwick to his care.
Give him, ſhe ſaid, whate'er diviner grace
Adorns the ſoul, or beautifies the face:
Let manly conſtancy confirm his truth,
And gentleſt manners crown his blooming youth.
Give him to fame, to virtue to aſpire,
Worthy our ſongs and thy-informing fire:
All various praiſe, all honours, let him prove,
et men admire, and ſighing virgins love:
Vith honeſt zeal inflame his generous mind,
o love his country, and protect mankind.
tentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
hy doſt thou aſk what has not been deny'd?
's bounteous hand has laviſh'd all his power;
making what he is, can add no more.

Yet ſince I joy in what I did create,
I will prolong the favourite Warwick's fate,
And lengthen out his years to ſome uncommon date.

TO LADY JANE WHARTON, ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the globe, fair nymph, your ſearches run,
And trace its rolling circuit round the ſun,
You ſeem'd the world beneath you to ſurvey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.
With two fair lamps methought your nations ſhone,



TO MRS. PULTENEY, UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent miſchiefs of her eyes,
To diſtant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She ſees her ſpreading flames conſume around,
And not another conqueſt to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vaſſals here with proud diſdain.
One only joy which in her heart ſhe wears,
The dear companion of her flight ſhe bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forſook,
Thus into baniſhment his gods he took:
But, to retrieve his native Troy's diſgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious riſing year,
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden footſteps tread,
Pleaſures all around thee ſpread;
Bliſs and beauty grace thy train;
Ne, ſtrike the lyre to ſome immortal ſtrain.

But oh! what ſkill, what maſter hand,
Shall govern or conſtrain the wanton band!
Looſe like my verſe they dance, and all without
mand.
Images of faireſt things,
Crowd about the ſpeaking ſtrings;
Peace and ſweet proſperity,
Faith and chearful loyalty,
With ſmiling love and deathleſs poeſy.

II.

Ye ſcowling ſhades who break away,
Well do ye fly and ſhun the purple day.
Every fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and ſullen as a ſtorm,

Royal youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praiſe like thine,
Shall in ſome exalted meaſure
Sing thee, Britain's deareſt treaſure?
Who her joy in thee ſhall tell,
Who the ſprightly note ſhall ſwell
His voice attempering to the tuneful ſhell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
And ſaw with hopeleſs heart thy fainting rival yield;
Troubled he, with ſore diſmay,
To thy ſtronger fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy noble ſcorn,
Wingy-footed was he borne,
Swift as the fleeting ſhades upon the golden corn.

IV.

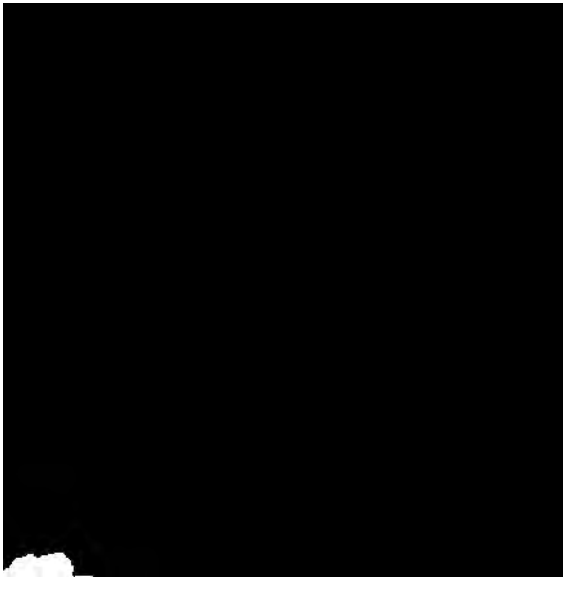
What valour, what diſtinguiſh'd worth,
From thee ſhall lead the coming ages forth?
Creſted helms and ſhining ſhields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign fields;
Hoary heads with olive bound,
Kings and lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding ſtill they riſe anew,
Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
Young Auguſtus! never ceaſe!
Pledge of our preſent and our future peace,
Still pour the bleſſings forth, and give thy great increaſe.
All the ſtock that fate ordains
To ſupply ſucceeding reigns,

Whether

Whether glory ſhall inſpire
Gentler arts or martial fire,
Still the fair deſcent ſhall be
Dear to Albion all, like thee,
Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden lights who ſhine on high,
Ye potent planets who aſcend the ſky,
On the opening year diſpenſe
All your kindeſt influence;
Heavenly powers be all prepar'd
For our Carolina's guard;
Short and eaſy be the pains,
Which for a nation's weal the heroine ſuſtains.



A thouſand ſtorms around her threat,
A thouſand billows roar beneath her feet,
While, fix'd upon a rock, ſhe keeps her ſtable ſeat.
Still in ſign of ſure defence,
Truſt and mutual confidence,
On the monarch, ſtanding by,
Still ſhe bends her gracious eye,
Nor fears her foes approach, while heaven and he are nigh.

VII.

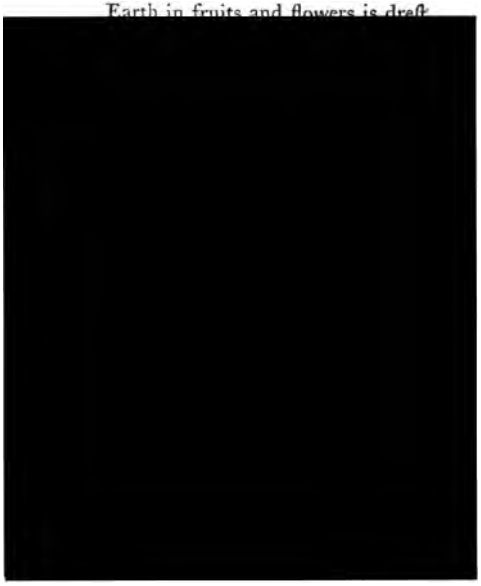
Hence then with every anxious care!
Be gone, pàle Envy, and thou cold Deſpair!
Seek ye out a moody cell,
Where deceit and treaſon dwell;
There repining, raging, ſtill
The idle air with curſes fill;
There blaſt the pathleſs wild, and the bleak northern hill;
There your exile vainly moan;
There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the ſweeping winds, the bending foreſts groan;
But thou, Hope, with ſmiling chear,
Do thou bring the ready year;
See the hours! a choſen band!
See with jocund looks they ſtand,
All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads increaſe and chaſte connubial love:

Flora

Flora ſweet her bounty ſpreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain;
Pan rewards the ſhepherd's pain;
All is plenty, all is wealth,
And on the balmy air ſits roſy-colour'd health
I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters ſwells the pealing noiſe,
While to their monarch, thus, they raiſe the pub
Father of thy country, hail!
Always every where prevail;
Pious, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
Better ſuns for thee ariſe,
Purer breezes fan the ſkies,
Earth in fruits and flowers is dreſt



II.

Majeſty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didſt beſtow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumy helm, become:
Thee the ſpear and ſhining ſhield,
With every trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better bleſſings forth,
For the honour of his birth:
Still the voice of loud commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs ceaſe,
Lay the billows of the ocean;
And compoſe the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee reſign his place,
Thou ſhalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee ſhall wait his doom,
And thou ſhalt lead the year for every age to come.

V.

Faireſt month, in Cæſar pride thee,
Nothing like him canſt thou bring,
Though the Graces ſmile beſide thee:
Though thy bounty gives the Spring.

VI. Though

VI.

Though like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow;
Carolina ſhall repay thee
All thy ſweetneſs, all thy ſhow.

VII.

She herſelf a glory greater
Than thy golden ſun diſcloſes;
And her ſmiling offspring ſweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roſes.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1717.

I.

So duſky night and chaos ſmil'd
On beauteous form their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety!
What bliſs thou doſt ſupply!
The foul brings forth the fair
To deck the changing year.
When our old pleaſures die,
Some new one ſtill is nigh;
Oh! fair variety!

V.

Our paſſions, like the ſeaſons, turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppreſs'd with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head:
A better viſage now ſhe wears,
And now at once ſhe quits her fears:
Strife and war no more ſhe knows,
Rebel ſons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty maſter,
In ſecurity ſhe ſits;
Plants her looſe foundations faſter,
And her ſorrows paſt forgets.

VII.

Happy iſle! the care of heaven,
To the guardian hero given,
Unrepining ſtill obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII. Though

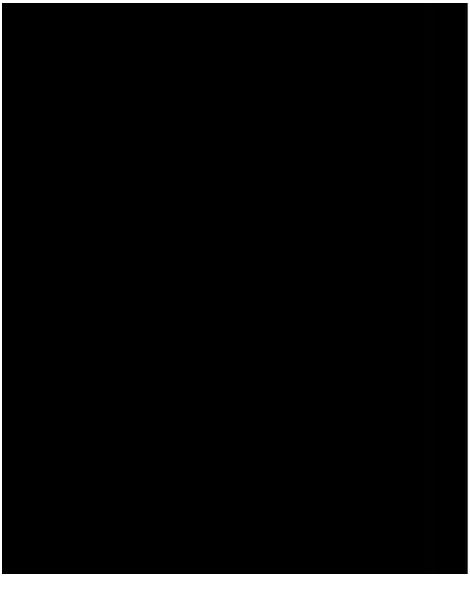
VIII.

Though he parted from thy ſhore,
While conteſting kings attend him;
Could he, Britain, give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

ODE TO PEACE, FOR THE YEAR

I.

THOU faireſt, ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies
Indulgent, gentle, life-reſtoring Peace!
With what auſpicious beauties doſt thou riſe,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus bleſs!



IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir;
Swell every note ſtill higher,
And melody inſpire
At heaven and earth's deſire.

V.

Hark, how the ſounds agree,
With due complacency!
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who, by nature's faireſt creatures,
Can deſcribe her heavenly features?
What compariſon can fit her?
Sweet are roſes, ſhe is ſweeter;
Light is good, but Peace is better.
Would you ſee her ſuch as Jove
Form'd for univerſal love,
Bleſs'd by men and gods above?
Would you every feature trace,
Every ſweetly ſmiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

VII.

Peace and ſhe are Britain's treaſures,
Fruitful in eternal pleaſures:
Still their bounty ſhall increaſe us,
Still their ſmiling offspring bleſs us.
Happy day, when each was given
By Cæſar and indulging Heaven.

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celeſtial pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the year.

ODE FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

I.

OH touch the ſtring, celeſtial Muſe, and ſay,
Why are peculiar times and ſeaſon's bleſt?
Is it in Fate, that one diſtinguiſh'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the Eaſt?

II.

Look on life and nature's race!
How the careleſs minutes paſs,
How they wear a common face:
One is what another was!
Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the feſtival ſtand forth;
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought-of as the things that never were;
Had not our greateſt Cæſar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongſt the vulgar year!

IV. Now

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay
In the pride of thy May,
To court let thy graces repair:
Let Flora beſtow
The crown from her brow,
For our brighter Britannia to wear.

V.

Through every language of thy peopled earth,
Far as the ſea's or Cæſar's influence goes,
Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
And bleſs the author of the world's repoſe.

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in caſcades,
And Po that glides through poplar ſhades,
And Tagus bright in ſands of gold,
And Arethuſa, rivers old,
Their great deliverer ſing.
Not, Danube, thou whoſe winding flood
So long has bluſh'd with Turkiſh blood,
To Cæſar ſhall refuſe a ſtrain,
Since now thy ſtreams without a ſtain
Run cryſtal as their ſpring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe, raiſe:
In the great Mediator's praiſe
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's feſtival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES, FOR THE YEA

KING of the Floods, whom friendly ſta
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale;
King of the Floods, Britannia's darling, hai
Hail with the year ſo well begun,
And bid his each revolving ſun,
Taught by thy ſtreams, in ſmooth ſucceſſion:

II.

From thy never-failing urn
Flowers, bloom and fair increaſe
With the ſeaſons take their turn;

V.

ıay'ſt thou ſtill, ſecur'd by diſtant wars,
r ſtain thy cryſtal with domeſtic jars:
Cæſar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
l join with thee to bleſs the coming year.

VI.

On thy ſhady margin,
Care its load diſcharging,
Is lull'd to gentle reſt:
Britain thus diſarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall ſleep on Cæſar's breaſt.

VII.

Sweet to diſtreſs is balmy ſleep,
To ſleep auſpicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames, to feeding ſheep,
To thirſt, thy ſilver ſtreams:
More ſweet than all, the praiſe
Of Cæſar's golden days:
Cæſar's praiſe is ſweeter;
Britain's pleaſure greater;
Still may Cæſar's reign excel;
Sweet the praiſe of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus, ever wait,
As now, on Britain's kindeſt fate;
own all our vows, and all thy gifts beſtow;
Till Time no more renews his date,
ıd Thames forgets to flow.

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph; the fair aſſembly broke;
The ſea-green Nereids to the waves betook:
While Scylla, fearful of the wide-ſpread main,
Swift to the ſafer ſhore returns again.
There o'er the ſandy margin, unarray'd,
With printleſs footſteps flies the bounding maid;
Or in ſome winding creek's ſecure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and ſhuns the noonday's heat.
Her Glaucus ſaw, as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the ſeas, and late receiv'd a god.
He ſaw, and languiſh'd for the virgin's love,

am I, nor monſter of the main,
ıl with the watery gods I reign;
:eus nor Palæmon me excell,
vhoſe breath inſpires the ſounding ſhell.
ı, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
ıyſelf but late a mortal was:
n in ſeas, and ſeas alone, I joy'd;
my hours, and all my cares, employ'd.
's now the twinkling prey I drew;
fully the ſlender line I threw,
nt ſate the moving float to view.
from ſhore, there lies a verdant mead,
rbage half, and half with water ſpread:
ıor the horned heifers browſing ſtray,
gy kids nor wanton lambkins play;
ıor the ſounding bees their nectar cull;
l ſwains their genial chaplets pull;
ts, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,
the flowers, or cut the buſhy graſs:
ſure firſt of living race came I,
by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
' prize, in order all diſplay'd,
ıer on the greenſword there I lay'd,
ives, whom or in my nets I took,
unwary on my wily hook.
:o behold! yet what avails a lye?
:m bite the graſs, as I ſate by;
lden darting o'er the verdant plain,
ead their finns, as in their native main:
with wonder ſtruck, while all my prey
: new maſter, and regain'd the ſea.

Amaz'd, within my ſecret ſelf I ſought,
What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:
But ſure no herbs have power like this, I cry'd;
And ſtrait I pluck'd ſome neighbouring herbs, and try'd.
Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taſte,
When ſtrong convulſions ſhook my troubled breaſt;
I felt my heart grow fond of ſomething ſtrange,
And my whole nature labouring with a change.
Reſtleſs I grew, and every place forſook,
And ſtill upon the ſeas I bent my look.
Farewell, for ever! farewell, land! I ſaid;
And plung'd amidſt the waves my ſinking head.
The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep;
To Tethys, and to Ocean old, they myſe

My fiſhy tail, my arms of azure hue,
And every part divinely chang'd, I view.
But what avail theſe uſeleſs honours now?
What joys can immortality beſtow?
What, though our Nereids all my form approve?
What boots it, while fair Scylla ſcorns my love?
Thus far the god; and more he would have ſaid;
When from his preſence flew the ruthleſs maid.
Stung with repulſe, in ſuch diſdainful ſort,
He ſeeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

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THE

POEMS

OF

MR. TICKELL.

TO THE SUSPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious, and a ſhameleſs ſtage,
How long the war ſhall wit with virtue wage?
Inchanted by this proſtituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal ſnare;
In height of rapture claſp unheeded pains,
And ſuck pollution through their tingling veins?
Thy ſpotleſs thoughts unſhock'd the prieſt may hear;
And the pure veſtal in her boſom wear.
To conſcious bluſhes and diminiſh'd pride,
Thy glaſs betrays what treacherous love would hide;
Nor harſh thy precepts, but infus'd by ſtealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor ſhare the fopling's heart:
Laſh'd in thy ſatire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himſelf, and finds no harm in wit:
From felon gameſters the raw ſquire is free,
And Britain owes her reſcued oaks to thee.
His miſs the frolic Viſcount dreads to toaſt,
Or his third cure the ſhallow Templar boaſt;
And the raſh fool, who ſcorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quakes at thunder, and confeſs his God.
The brainleſs ſtripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the ſtiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.

A ſauntering

A ſauntering tribe! ſuch born to wide eſtates,
With *yea* and *no* in ſenates hold debates:
At length deſpis'd each to his fields retires,
Firſt with the dogs, and king amidſt the ſquires;
From pert to ſtupid, ſinks ſupinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
Such readers ſcorn'd, thou wing'ſt thy daring flight
Above the ſtars, and tread'ſt the fields of light;
Fame, heaven and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And viſions ſuch as Jove himſelf might dream;
Man ſunk to ſlavery, though to glory born,
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his ſcorn.
Such hints alone could Britiſh Virgil lend,
And thou alone deſerve from ſuch a friend;
A debt ſo borrow'd is illuſtrious ſhame.

Through the new pupil foftering juices flow,
Thruft forth the gems, and give the flowers to blow.
Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A P O E M,

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD PRIVY-SEAL, ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

" —— Sacerdos
" Fronde ſuper Mitram, & felici comptus Oliva."
VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the ſubject of the Britiſh ſong.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube chok'd with ſlain!
Exhauſted themes! a gentler note I raiſe,
And ſing returning peace in ſofter lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the ſylvan ſhade:
Diſbanding hoſts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While eaſe and pleaſure make the nations ſmile,
And Heaven and Anna bleſs Britannia's iſle.

Well ſends our queen her mitred Briſtol forth,
For early counſels fam'd, and long-try'd worth;
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft withheld
The Swede and Saxon from the duſty field;
Completely form'd to heal the Chriſtian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds;
The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
By leagues to ſoften earth, and heaven by prayer,
To gain by love, where rage and ſlaughter fail,
And make the croſier o'er the ſword prevail.
So when great Moſes, with Jehovah's wand,
Had ſcatter'd plagues o'er ſtubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now ſpread an hoſt of locuſts round the ſhore,
Now turn'd Nile's fattening ſtreams to putrid gore;

The bliſsful proſpects, in my verſe diſplay'd,
May lure the ſtubborn, the deceiv'd perſuade:
Ev'n thou to peace ſhalt ſpeedier urge the way,
And more be haſten'd by this ſhort delay.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'er-
thrown,
Now ceas'd to think the weſtern world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boaſting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks ſmoking on the ground:
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows, and brib'd the ſaints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and ſkulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feaſts he ſtarts, and ſeems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory paſt reflects with ſecret pain,
On mines exhauſted, and on millions ſlain.
To Britain's Queen the ſceptred ſuppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Chriſtian blood to buy,
Nor aſks for glory at a price ſo high.
At her decree, the war ſuſpended ſtands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands,
Their open brows no threatening frowns diſguiſe,
But gentler paſſions ſparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,

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Doubt if they 're thoſe, whom dreadful to the view
In forms ſo fierce their fearful fancies drew;
At whoſe dire names ten thouſand widows preſt
Their helpleſs orphans clinging to the breaſt.
In ſilent rapture each his foe ſurveys;
They vow firm friendſhip, and give mutual praiſe.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are ſecret friends;
Their generous diſcord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence diſſenſion roſe,
And aſk how ſouls ſo like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly ſhouts rebound,
And ſocial clarions mix their ſprightly ſound.
The Britiſh flags are furl'd, her troops diſband,
And ſcatter'd armies ſeek their native land.
The hardy veteran, proud of many a ſcar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to ſhare his friends' illuſtrious doom,
And in the battle find a ſoldier's tomb,
Leans on his ſpear to take his farewell view,
And ſighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with ſmiles,
O'er-pay their ſleepleſs nights, and crown their toils;
Soft beauty is the gallant ſoldier's due,
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boaſtful Spain conſpires,
When Engliſh valour Engliſh beauty fires;
The nations dread your eyes, and kings deſpair
Of chiefs ſo brave, till they have nymphs ſo fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of tranſport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,

Hangs

Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And ſmiles, or trembles, at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then ſets th' inveſted fort before her eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the ſkies;
His little liſtening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.
Such dire achievements ſings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic ſpells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow,
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.
Our eager youth to diſtant nations run,
To viſit fields, their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's ſhore their country's fame they trace,
Till far Germania ſhews her blaſted face.
Th' exulting Briton aſks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the loſt Bavaria try'd:
Where Stepney grav'd the ſtone to Anna's fame,
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name;
Here fled the Houſhold, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,
On thoſe ſteep banks, near Danube's raging flood,
The Gauls thrice ſtarted back, and trembling ſtood:
When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they ſtood not long,
But plung'd amidſt the waves, a deſperate throng,
Crowds whelm'd on crowds daſh'd wide the watery bed,
And drove the current to its diſtant head.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courſer on the canvas ſtands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or ſet young Ammon on the Granic ſhore;
If chance a generous ſteed the work behold,
He ſnorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold:
So, Hocſtet ſeen, tumultuous paſſions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's ſoul,
In fancy'd fights he ſees the troops engage,
And all the tempeſt of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye powers, with ſcenes leſs nobly bright,
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muſe delight,
Content to ſee the honours of the field
By plough-ſhares level'd, or in flowers conceal'd.

Curſt by the hind, when to the ſpoil he yields
His year's whole ſweat, and vainly ripen'd fields;
Curſt by the maid, torn from her lover's ſide,
When left a widow, though not yet a bride;
By mothers curſt, when floods of tears they ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead.
Oh, ſacred Briſtol! then, what dangers prove
The arts, thou ſmil'ſt on with paternal love?
Then, mix'd with rubbiſh by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows;
To ſhades obſcure the glittering ſword purſues
The gentle poet, and defenceleſs Muſe.
A voice like thine, alone, might then aſſwage
The warrior's fury, and control his rage;
To hear thee ſpeak, might the fierce Vandal ſtand,
And fling the brandiſh'd ſabre from his hand.
Far hence be driven to Scythia's ſtormy ſhore
The drum's harſh muſic, and the cannon's roar;
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawleſs plain,
Where Tartar clans and grizly Coſſacks reign;
Let the ſteel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
See virgins raviſh'd with relentleſs eyes,
To death gray heads and ſmiling infants doom,
Nor ſpare the promiſe of the pregnant womb,
O'er waſted kingdoms ſpread his wide command,
The ſavage lord of an unpeopled land.
Her guiltleſs glory juſt Britannia draws
From pure religion, and impartial laws,
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid ſhe brings,
And holds in equal ſcales the rival kings:

Her generous ſons in choiceſt gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.
As when ſweet Venus (ſo the fable ſings)
Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean ſprings,
With ſmiles ſhe ſees the threatening billows riſe,
Spreads ſmooth the ſurge, and clears the louring ſkies.
Light, o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd,
The pearly conch and ſilver turtles bound;
Her treſſes ſhed ambroſial odours round.
Amidſt the world of waves ſo ſtands ſerene
Britannia's iſle, the ocean's ſtately queen;
In vain the nations have conſpir'd her fall,
Her trench the ſea, and fleets her floating wall:
Defenceleſs barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader, or what land oppreſt,
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redreſt!
Say, where have e'er her union-croſſes ſail'd,
But much her arms, her juſtice more prevail'd!
Her labours are, to plead th' Almighty's cauſe,
Her pride, to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
Who conquers wins by brutal ſtrength the prize;
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.
Have we forgot how from great Ruſſia's throne
The king, whoſe power half Europe's regions own,
Whoſe ſceptre waving, with one ſhout ruſh forth
In ſwarms the harneſs'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice purſued his tedious way
To court our friendſhip, and our fame ſurvey!
Hence the rich prize of uſeful arts he bore,
And round his empire ſpread the learned ſtore:

(T'

(T' adorn old realms is more than new to raiſe,
His country's parent is a monarch's praiſe.)
His bands now march in juſt array to war,
And Caſpian gulphs unuſual navies bear;
With Runick lays Smolenſko's foreſts ring,
And wondering Volga hears the Muſes ſing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our queen, and lay their ſceptres at her feet?
Chiefs who full bowls of hoſtile blood had quaff'd,
Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd ſhaft,
Whoſe haughty brows made ſavages adore,
Nor bow'd to leſs than ſtars or ſun before.
Her pitying ſmile accepts their ſuppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Chriſtian name.
Bleſt uſe of power! O virtuous pride in kings!
And like his bounty, whence dominion ſprings!
Which o'er new worlds makes heaven's indulgence ſhine,
And ranges myriads under laws divine!
Well bought with all that thoſe ſweet regions hold,
With groves of ſpices, and with mines of gold.
Fearleſs our merchant now purſues his gain,
And roams ſecurely o'er the boundleſs main.
Now o'er his head the polar bear he ſpies,
And freezing ſpangles of the Lapland ſkies;
Now ſwells his canvas to the ſultry line,
With glittering ſpoils where Indian grottoes ſhine,
Where fumes of incenſe glad the ſouthern ſeas,
And wafted citron ſcents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer ſuns prepare the ripening gem,
To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,

And here the ore, whoſe melted maſs ſhall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear diſputes, and teach the times to come.
In circling beams ſhall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's ſword hang o'er the proſtrate foe;
In comely wounds ſhall bleeding worthies ſtand,
Webb's firm platoon, and Lumley's faithful band,
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies dreſt,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntleſs breaſt,
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's ſpoils enroll'd,
And Guiſcard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
And if the Muſe, O Briſtol, might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre ſhould be,
The lyre for Granville, and the croſs for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays;
So patriots merit, and ſo monarchs praiſe.
O'er diſtant times ſuch records ſhall prevail,
When Engliſh numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling ſong the Muſe can only yield,
And ſooth her ſoldiers panting from the field.
To ſweet retirements ſee them ſafe convey'd,
And raiſe their battles in the rural ſhade.
From fields of death to Woodſtock's peaceful glooms,
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my Muſe, and ſoftly touch the ſtring:
Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to ſing.
Hail, fabled grotto! hail, Elyſian ſoil!
Thou faireſt ſpot of fair Britannia's iſle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to ſhine unknown;

Where

Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear;
The weary'd champion lull in ſoft alcoves,
The nobleſt boaſt of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muſe preſage, ſhall he be ſeen
By Roſamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty ſhades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name ſhall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite ſound.
Here, here at leaſt thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wiſh for more.
Vice of great ſouls alone! O thirſt of fame!
The Muſe admires it, while ſhe ſtrives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chace the bounding deer,
Or view the courſers ſtretch in wild career.
This lovely ſcene ſhall ſooth thy ſoul to reſt,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breaſt.
With pleaſure, by thy conqueſts ſhalt thou ſee
Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free.
No cares henceforth ſhall thy repoſe deſtroy,
But what thou giv'ſt the world, thyſelf enjoy.
Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours are paſt,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at laſt:
Toſt through tempeſtuous ſeas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bleſs thy friendly ſhore.
Our own ſtrict judges our paſt life we ſcan,
And aſk if glory hath enlarg'd the ſpan:
If bright the proſpect, we the grave defy,
Truſt future ages, and contented die.

When

When ſtrangers from far diſtant climes ſhall come,
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where rear'd aloft diſſembled trophies ſtand,
And breathing labours of the ſculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art ſhall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes ſhall fill the ſtory'd wall;
Heirs of thy blood ſhall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental ſword,
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gaſping Gauls.
Fair dames ſhall oft, with curious eye, explore
The coſtly robes that ſlaughter'd generals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
(Heſperian nuns the gorgeous broidery wrought)
Belts ſtiff with gold, the Boian horſe-man's pride,
And Gaul's fair flowers, in human crimſon dy'd.
Of Churchill's race perhaps ſome lovely boy
Shall mark the burniſh'd ſteel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze tranſported on its glittering charms,
And reach it ſtruggling with unequal arms,
By ſigns the drum's tumultuous ſound requeſt,
Then ſeek, in ſtarts, the huſhing mother's breaſt.
So, in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the ſoft Paphian dame,
The little Loves in ſport his fauchion wield,
Or join their ſtrength to heave his ponderous ſhield:
One ſtrokes the plume in Tityon's gore embrued,
And one the ſpear, that reeks with Typhon's blood:
Another's infant brows the helm ſuſtain,
He nods his creſt, and frights the ſhrieking train.

Thus

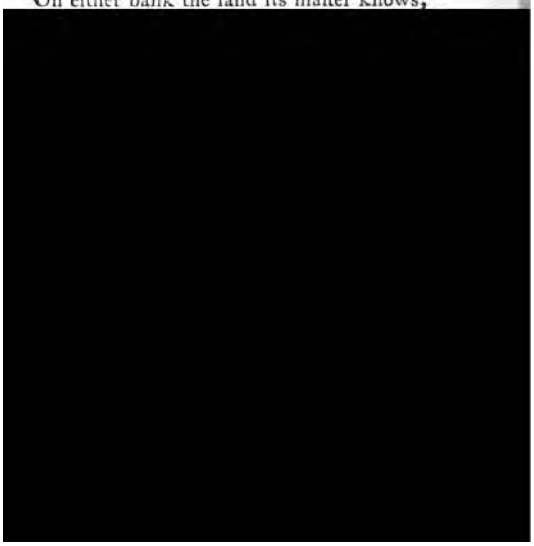
Thus, the rude tempeſt of the field o'er-blown,
Shall whiter rounds of ſmiling years roll on,
Our victors, bleſt in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy paſt dangers, and abſolve the ſtars.
But, oh! what ſorrows ſhall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd ſhades, whom widow'd Albion mourns!
If your thin forms yet diſcontented moan,
And haunt the mangled manſions, once your own;
Behold what flowers the pious Muſes ſtrow,
And tears, which in the midſt of triumph flow;
Cypreſs and bays your envy'd brows ſurround,
Your names the tender matron's heart ſhall wound,
And the ſoft maid grow penſive at the ſound.

Accept, great Anne, the tears their memory draws,
Who nobly periſh'd in their ſovereign's cauſe:
For thou in pity bid'ſt the war give o'er,
Mourn'ſt thy ſlain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vaſt price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath muſt tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.

Great Queen! whoſe name ſtrikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whoſe juſt ſceptre hangs Europa's ſcale,
Whoſe arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
On whoſe decree the nations anxious wait:
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vaſt a tract whoſe wide domain ſhall run,
Its circling ſkies ſhall ſee no ſetting ſun.

Thee,

Thee, thee an hundred languages ſhall claim,
And ſavage Indians ſwear by Anna's name;
The line and poles ſhall own thy rightful ſway,
And thy commands the ſever'd globe obey.
Round the vaſt ball thy new dominions chain
The watery kingdoms, and control the main;
Magellan's ſtraits to Gibraltar they join,
Acroſs the ſeas a formidable line;
The ſight of adverſe Gaul we fear no more,
But pleas'd ſee Dunkirk, now a guiltleſs ſhore;
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;
Her giant genius takes a mighty ſtride,
And ſets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide;
On either bank the land its maſter knows,

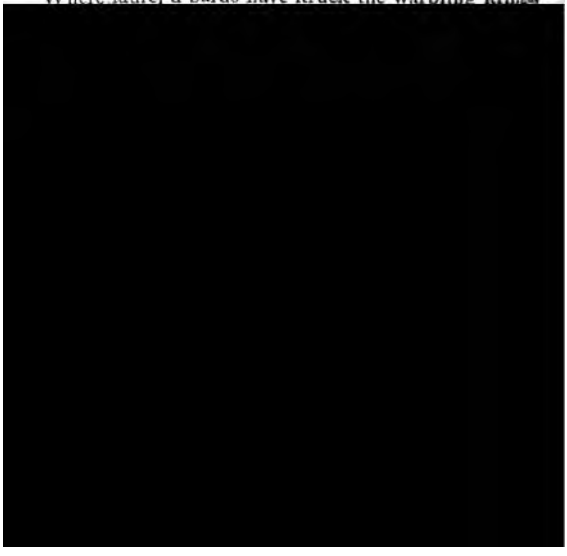


L fort ſo dreadful to our Engliſh ſhore,
fleets ſcarce fear'd the ſands or tempeſts more,
oſe vaſt expences to ſuch ſums amount,
at the tax'd Gaul ſcarce furniſh'd out th' account,
oſe walls ſuch bulwarks, ſuch vaſt towers reſtrain,
weakeſt ramparts are the rocks and main,
boaſt great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
friendſhip, Anna, with the mighty prize.
land repining, and in grief caſt down,
the new glories of the Britiſh crown:
may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite.
may they hold the olive, ſoon aſſwage
ir ſecret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
realm, the ſea, o'er their precarious land.
lenceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the ſkies,
n'd worth to raiſe, and vice in robes chaſtiſe,
dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
ce the brib'd judge, and huſh the wordy war,
y the curſt blaſphemer's tongue to rage,
l turn God's fury from an impious age.
t change! the ſoldier's late deſtroying hand
l rear new temples in his native land;
aken zealots ſhall with fear behold,
l beg admittance in our ſacred fold;
her own works the pious queen ſhall ſmile,
l turn her cares upon her favourite iſle.
the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
y'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames;

He bears a tempeſt on his ſounding wings,
And his red arm the forky vengeance flings;
At length, heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
To roll his orb, and guide his deſtin'd ſtar,
To ſhed kind fate, and lucky hours beſtow,
And ſmile propitious on the world below.
Around thy throne ſhall faithful nobles wait,
Theſe guard the church, and thoſe direct the ſtate.
To Briſtol, graceful in maternal tears,
The church her towery forehead gently rears;
She begs her pious ſon t' aſſert her cauſe,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws,
With holy zeal the ſacred work begin,
To bend the ſtubborn, and the meek to win.

Whence health from herbs; from ſeeds how groves begun,
How vital ſtreams in circling eddies run.
Some teach why round the ſun the ſpheres advance,
In the fix'd meaſures of their myſtic dance,
How tides, when heav'd by preſſing moons, o'erflow,
And ſun-born Iris paints her ſhowery bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall ſport no more in arbitrary ſound,
But buſkin'd bards henceforth ſhall wiſely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's ſtage:
Till Congreve bids her ſmile, Auguſta ſtands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
Britain's Spectators ſhall their ſtrength combine
To mend our morals, and our taſte refine,
Fight virtue's cauſe, ſtand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into ſenſe.
Nor, Prior, haſt thou huſh'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre ſhall now revive her mirthful ſtrain,
New tales ſhall now be told; if right I ſee,
The ſoul of Chaucer is reſtor'd in thee.
Garth, in majeſtic numbers, to the ſtars
Shall raiſe mock heroes, and fantaſtic wars;
Like the young ſpreading laurel, Pope, thy name
Shoots up with ſtrength, and riſes into fame;
With Philips ſhall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a ſecond Spenſer ſing.
That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
To Briſtol's praiſes ſhall his Strafford's join:
He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for juſt thinking, and poetic laws,

To growing bards his learned aid ſhall lend,
The ſtricteſt critic, and the kindeſt friend.
Ev'n mine, a baſhful Muſe, whoſe rude eſſays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aſpire to praiſe,
Cheriſh'd by you in time may grow to fame,
And mine ſurvive with Briſtol's glorious name.
Fir'd with the views this glittering ſcene diſplays,
And ſmit with paſſion for my country's praiſe,
My artleſs reed attempts this lofty theme,
Where ſacred Iſis rolls her ancient ſtream;
In cloiſter'd domes the great Philippa's pride,
Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preſide,
Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
And Edward form'd his Creſſy, yet unfought,
Where laurel'd bards have ſtruck the warbling ſtrings,



TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

" —— Ne fortè pudori
" Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo."

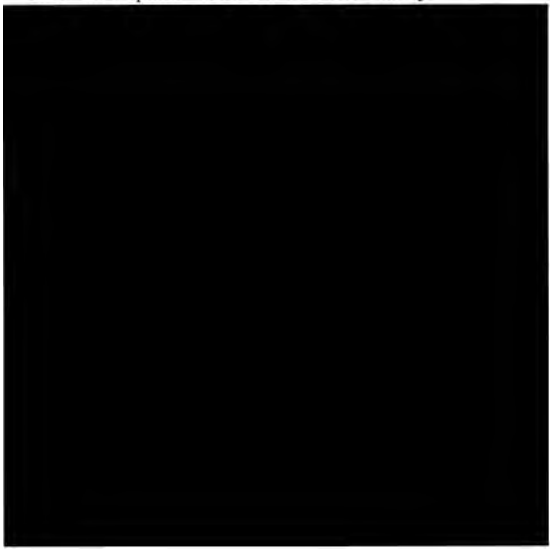
THE Opera firſt Italian maſters taught,
Inrich'd with ſongs, but innocent of thought;
Britannia's learned theatre diſdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate ſtrains;
And bluſhes, on her injur'd ſtage to ſee
Nonſenſe well-tun'd, and ſweet ſtupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil ſtrong.
From words ſo ſweet new grace the notes receive,
And muſic borrows helps, ſhe us'd to give.
Thy ſtyle hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
Their cadence in ſuch eaſy ſound convey'd,
The height of thought may ſeem ſuperfluous aid;
Yet in ſuch charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the ſweets of eaſy ſound.
Landſkips how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and laviſh fancy builds!
What art can trace the viſionary ſcenes,
The flowery groves, and everlaſting greens,
The babbling ſounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy ſhade, and its eternal maze?
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elyſium to one view confin'd!

No further could imagination roam,
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlborough rais'd the
Ten thouſand pangs my anxious boſom tear,
When drown'd in tears I ſee th' imploring fair;
When bards leſs ſoft the moving words ſupply,
A ſeeming juſtice dooms the nymph to die;
But here ſhe begs, nor can ſhe beg in vain
(In dirges thus expiring ſwans complain);
Each verſe ſo ſwells expreſſive of her woes,
And every tear in lines ſo mournful flows;
We, ſpite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think ſhe ought to live
Let joy ſalute fair Roſamonda's ſhade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghoſt ſhe roves,
And hears and tells the ſtory of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bleſs their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them
Nor longer that relentleſs doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addiſon.

O THE SAME, ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

[OO long hath love engroſs'd Britannia's ſtage,
And ſunk to ſoftneſs all our tragic rage:
y that alone did empires fall or riſe,
nd fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
he ſweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
ebas'd our manhood, while it ſooth'd the heart.
ou ſcorn to raiſe a grief thyſelf muſt blame,
or from our weakneſs ſteal a vulgar fame:
patriot's fall may juſtly melt the mind,
nd tears flow nobly, ſhed for all mankind.
How do our ſouls with generous pleaſure glow!
ur hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
/hen thy firm hero ſtands beneath the weight
f all his ſufferings venerably great;
ome's poor remains ſtill ſheltering by his ſide,
/ith conſcious virtue and becoming pride!
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
is ſap exhauſted, and his branches bare;
Midſt ſtorms and earthquakes, he maintains his ſtate,
ixt deep in earth, and faſten'd by his weight:
is naked boughs ſtill lend the ſhepherds aid,
nd his old trunk projects an awful ſhade.
Amidſt the joys triumphant peace beſtows,
ur patriots ſadden at his glorious woes;
while they let the world's great buſineſs wait,
nxious for Rome, and ſigh for Cato's fate.

Here taught how ancient heroes roſe to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where ſtates and ſenates well might lend an ear,
And kings and prieſts without a bluſh appear.
France boaſts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now firſt pays homage to her rival's ſtage,
Haſtes to learn thee, and learning ſhall ſubmit
Alike to Britiſh arms, and Britiſh wit:
No more ſhe 'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford ſmiles this glorious work to ſee,
And fondly triumphs in a ſon like thee.
The ſenates, conſuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,

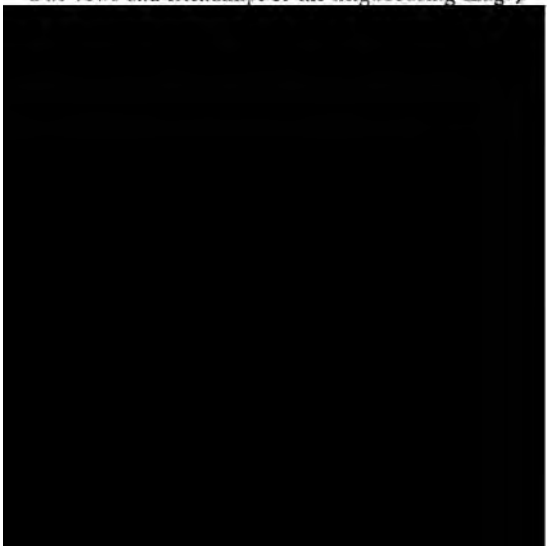


One, in old fables, and the pagan ſtrain,
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes ſome druid, to foretel
Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauſeates what ſhe can't believe.
My Muſe th' expected hero ſhall purſue
From clime to clime, and keep him ſtill in view;
His ſhining march deſcribe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor preſume to praiſe;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth ſupplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties riſe.
By longing nations for the throne deſign'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;
With ſecret grief his god-like ſoul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyleſs luſtre ſhines,
While prayers and tears his deſtin'd progreſs ſtay,
And crowds of mourners choke their ſovereign's way.
Not ſo he march'd, when hoſtile ſquadrons ſtood
In ſcenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courſer paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverſe legions ſtood the ſhock in vain.
His frontiers paſt, the Belgian bounds he views,
And croſs the level fields his march purſues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to ſurvey,
He greatly ſcorns the thirſt of boundleſs ſway.
O'er the thin ſoil, with ſilent joy, he ſpies
Tranſplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure riſe;

Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruit and flowers the careful hind ſupplies,
And clothes the marſhes in a rich diſguiſe.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth heaven decree,
And ſuch thy gifts, celeſtial Liberty!

Through ſtately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main,
Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with inſatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits, till eaſtern gales
Propitious riſe to ſwell the Britiſh ſails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendſhips of the neighbouring kings;



Behold the tributes haſtening to thy throne,
And ſee the wide horizon all thy own.
Still is it thine; though now the chearful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs; juſt whitening to the view.
Before the wind with ſwelling ſails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound;
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarſe-reſounding main.
As in the flood he ſails, from either ſide
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;
A various ſcene the wide-ſpread landſkip yields,
O'er rich incloſures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile paſture fills,
And diſtant flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
Shade above ſhade, now riſes to the ſight:
His woods ordain'd to viſit every ſhore,
And guard the iſland which they grac'd before.
The ſun now rolling down the weſtern way,
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge enfold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Leſs thick the finny ſhoals, a countleſs fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vaſt ſhout he ſeeks the crowded ſtrand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
Welcome, great ſtranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king deſir'd, adopted Albion cries.

For

For thee the Eaſt breath'd out a proſperous bre
Bright were the ſuns, and gently ſwell'd the ſea
Thy preſence did each doubtful heart compoſe,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foe
That joyful day they loſt each hoſtile name,
The ſame their aſpect, and their voice the ſame.

So two fair twins, whoſe features were deſigr
At one ſoft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the ſame beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled ſtrangers which is which enquire;
Deluſion grateful to the ſmiling ſire.

From that fair * hill, where hoary ſages boa
To name the ſtars, and count the heavenly hoſt,
By the next down doth great Auguſta riſe

Now to the regal towers ſecurely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Reſumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and reſtores the brave.
Whom ſhall the Muſe from out the ſhining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her ſong?
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth conſign'd.
Her coin, while Naſſau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we ſee,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every ſcene to awe and pleaſe,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with eaſe:
Though call'd to ſhine aloft, thou wilt not ſcorn
To ſmile on arts thyſelf did once adorn:
For this thy name ſucceeding time ſhall praiſe,
And envy leſs thy garter, than thy bays.

The Muſe, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps ſhall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler ſtrain,
And ſing the opening wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant conſort, and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love ſupplies,
A glorious ſcene to Albion's raviſh'd eyes;
Who ſees by Brunſwick's hand her ſceptre ſway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

" Indictum ore alio : non ſecus i
" Ex ſomnis ſtupet Euias
" Hebrum proſpiciens, & nive c
" Thracen, ac pede barbaro
" Luſtratam Rhodopen."

AS Mar his round one morning tool
(Whom ſome call earl, and ſome
And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and froſt, ſurvey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to ſp
An aged wizard ſix foot high,
With briſtled hair and viſage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and ſecond-
The grizly ſage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back ſo round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of ſnow,

PROPHECY OF NEREUS IMITATED.

Proud Engliſh loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottiſh pads ſhall amble home;
I ſee them dreſt in bonnets blue
(The ſpoils of thy rebellious crew);
I ſee the target caſt away,
And chequer'd plaid become their prey,
The chequer'd plaid to make a gown
For many a laſs in London town.

In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
The ſhield, the piſtol, durk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to ſwagger,
And oft have ſally'd out to pillage
The hen-roofts of ſome peacefull village,
Or, while their neighbours were aſleep,
Have carry'd off a low-land ſheep,

What boots thy high-born hoſt of beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With popiſh cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Forſter's troop of raggamuffins?

In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bag-pipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the truſty,
With heart ſo true, and voice ſo ruſty,
(A loyal ſoul) thy troops affright,
While hoarſely he demands the fight?
Doſt thou not generous Ilay dread,
The braveſt hand, the wiſeſt head?
Undaunted doſt thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol ſheath'd in arms?

Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From Thanes and Peers of high renown,
Fiery, and young, and uncontrol'd,
With knights, and ſquires, and barons bold,
(His noble houſhold-band) advances,
And on the milk-white courſer prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown ſwarthy in Iberian wars:
And Monroe, kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er ſo many,
And horſe to boot—if thou hadſt any.
But ſee Argyll, with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies!
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,

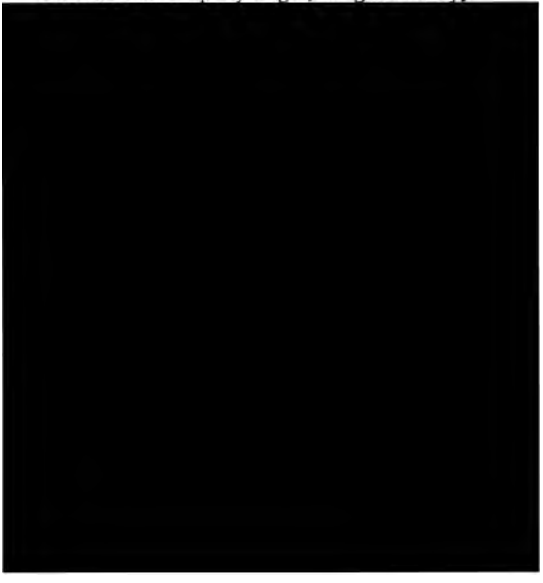
Heaven ſhall for ever on him ſmile,
And bleſs him ſtill with an Argyll.
While thou, purſued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and ſnows,
And hinder'd paſſing Inverlocky,
Shall burn thy clan, and curſe poor Jocky.

AN EPISTLE FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

TO thee, dear rover, and thy vanquiſh'd friends,
The health, ſhe wants, thy gentle Chloe ſends.
Though much you ſuffer, think I ſuffer more,
Worſe than an exile on my native ſhore.
Companions in your maſter's flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
Or ever near the royal outlaw's ſide
You ſhare his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
On glorious ſchemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles ſwell.
Say, for thou know'ſt I own his ſacred line,
The paſſive doctrine, and the right divine,
Say, what new ſuccours does the chief prepare?
The ſtrength of armies? or the force of prayer?
Does he from heaven or earth his hopes derive?
From ſaints departed, or from prieſts alive?
For ſaints nor prieſts can Brunſwick's troops withſtand,
And beads drop uſeleſs through the zealot's hand;

Heaven

Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But ſkill and courage win the crowns below.
Ere to thy cauſe, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had ſeduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night:
But now, with fears and public cares poſſeſt,
The church, the church, for ever breaks my reſt.
The poſtboy on my pillow I explore,
And ſift the news of every foreign ſhore,
Studious to find new friends, and new allies;
What armies march from Sweden in diſguiſe;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her bleſſings, and her gold:
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to ſtray,



Againſt her prelates plead the church's cauſe,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapleſs prince, thy kingdoms loſt;
A crown, though late, thy ſacred brows may boaſt;
Heaven ſeems through us thy empire to decree;
Thoſe who win hearts, have given their hearts to thee.
Haſt thou not heard that when, profuſely gay,
Our well-dreſt rivals grac'd their ſovereign's day,
We ſtubborn damſels met the public view
In lothſome wormwood, and repenting rue?
What Whig but trembled, when our ſpotleſs band
In virgin roſes whiten'd half the land!
Who can forget what fears the foe poſſeſt,
When oaken-boughs mark'd every loyal breaſt!
Leſs ſcar'd than Medway's ſtream the Norman ſtood,
When croſs the plain he ſpy'd a marching wood,
Till, near at hand, a gleam of ſwords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering ſhade?
Thoſe who the ſuccours of the fair deſpiſe,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bards, O prince by fortune croſt,
At leaſt more courage than thy men can boaſt:
Our ſex has dar'd the mug-houſe chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought ſtreet.
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots ſallying oft have put to flight
With all their poles the guardians of the night,
And bore, with ſcreams of triumph, to their ſide
The leader's ſtaff in all its painted pride.

Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the diſcontented ſtateſman's thought,
Though red with ſtripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore ſmitten for the love of ſacred ſong,
The tuneful ſiſters ſtill purſue their trade,
Like Philomela darkling in the ſhade.
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his eaſy chair.
  Meanwhile, regardleſs of the royal cauſe,
His ſword for James no brother ſovereign draws.
The Pope himſelf, ſurrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corfu ſends his arms,
And though he hears his darling ſon's complaint,
Can hardly ſpare one tutelary ſaint,
But liſts them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntleſs Swede, purſued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary ſnows;
Nor muſt the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feaſts regale our garter'd youth again

Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace!
And ſuch the terrors of the Brunſwick race!
Was it for this the ſun's whole luſtre fail'd,
And ſudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd!
For this did heaven diſplay to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the ſkies!
Was it for this Northumbrian ſtreams look'd red!
And Thames driv'n backward ſhow'd his ſecret bed!
Falſe auguries! th' inſulting victor's ſcorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies againſt us turn!
O portents conſtrued on our ſide in vain!
Let never Tory truſt eclipſe again!
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye ſkies!
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders riſe!
To Rome then muſt the royal wanderer go,
And fall a ſuppliant at the papal toe?
His life in ſloth inglorious muſt he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in prayer?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with eaſe,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may pleaſe.
Shall he, whoſe ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In ſolemn conclave ſit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his truſty vote!
Be ſummon'd to his ſtall in time of need,
And with his caſting ſuffrage fix a creed!
Shall he in robes on ſtated days appear,
And Engliſh heretics curſe once a year!
Garnet and Faux ſhall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may ſmoke!

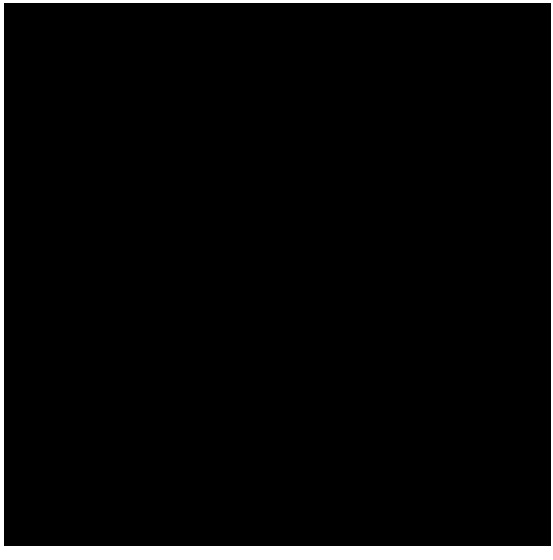
orbid it, heaven! my ſoul, to fury wrought,
urns almoſt Hanoverian at the thought.
From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
nd fear, O Brunſwick, 'twill be wholly thine;
et ſtill his ſhare thy rival will conteſt,
nd ſtill the double claim divides my breaſt.
he fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
nd wiſh my homage were not Brunſwick's due:
o James my paſſion and my weakneſs guide,
ut reaſon ſways me to the victor's ſide.
hough griev'd I ſpeak it, let the truth appear!
ou know my language, and my heart, ſincere.
n vain did falſehood his fair frame diſgrace;
What force had falſehood, when he ſhow'd his face!
n vain to war our boaſtful clans were led;
leaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire ſhock they fled:
rance ſhuns his wrath, nor raiſes to our ſhame
A ſecond Dunkirk in another name:
n Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:

With pain and joy at ſtrife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face;
Half ſickening at the ſight, too well I ſpy
The father's ſpirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And ſtrive to hate their innocence in vain.
O princeſs! happy by thy foes confeſt!
Bleſt in thy huſband! in thy children bleſt!
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe laſts, ſhall Europe's thrones adorn.
Tranſplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy ſmile celeſtial and unfading bloom,
Great Auſtria's ſons with ſofter lines ſhall grace,
And ſmooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair deſcendants of thy ſacred bed,
Wide-branching o'er the weſtern world ſhall ſpread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whoſe pliant ſhoot
To earthward bending of itſelf takes root,
Till, like their mother plant, ten thouſand ſtand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her ſhade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.
O thou, to whom theſe mournful lines I ſend,
My promis'd huſband, and my deareſt friend;
Since heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottiſh fields in vain;
Muſt I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's ſake,
Tir'd out at length, ſubmit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunſwick, O return to me!

Proſtrate before the victor's mercy bend:
What ſpares whole thouſands, may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunſwick's virtues ſhall ſecure thy fame:
Say theſe invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch, heaven vouchſafes to own:
The world, convinc'd, thy reaſons will approve;
Say this to them; but ſwear to me 'twas love.

AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF STANHOPE'S VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718.



Already Albion's coaſt retires,
And Calais multiplies her ſpires:
At length has royal Orleans preſt,
With open arms, the well-known gueſt;
Before in ſacred friendſhip join'd,
And now in counſels for mankind:

III.

Whilſt his clear ſchemes our patriot ſhows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repoſe,
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bleſs whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth great Brunſwick ſhall decree
What flag muſt awe the Tyrrhene ſea;
From whom the Tuſcan grape ſhall glow,
And fruitful Arethuſa flow.

IV.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maeſe, and diſtant Rhine!
Nor, Ebro, let thy ſingle rage
With half the warring world engage.
Oh! call to mind thy thouſands ſlain,
And Almanara's fatal plain;
While yet the Gallic terrors ſleep,
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1713.

WHAT kings henceforth ſhall reign, what ſtates be free,
Is fix'd at length by Anna's juſt decree:
Whoſe brows the Muſe's ſacred wreath ſhall fit,
Is left to you the arbiters of wit.
With beating hearts the rival poets wait,
Till you, Athenians, ſhall decide their fate;
Secure, when to theſe learned ſeats they come,
Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.
Poor is the player's fame, whoſe whole renown

Great Cato's ſelf the glory of the ſtage,
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
Begs here he may be try'd by Roman laws;
To you, O fathers, he ſubmits his cauſe;
He reſts not in the people's general voice,
Till you, the ſenate, have confirm'd his choice.
Fine is the ſecret, delicate the art,
To wind the paſſions, and command the heart;
For fancy'd ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the generous ſoul in love with woe;
To raiſe the ſhades of heroes to our view;
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew.
How hard the taſk! how rare the godlike rage!
None ſhould preſume to dictate for the Stage,
But ſuch as boaſt a great extenſive mind,
Enrich'd by Nature, and by Art refin'd;
Who from the ancient ſtores their knowledge bring,
And taſted early of the Muſes' ſpring.
May none pretend upon her throne to ſit,
But ſuch as, ſprung from you, are born to wit:
Choſen by the mob, their lawleſs claim we ſlight:
Yours is the old hereditary right.

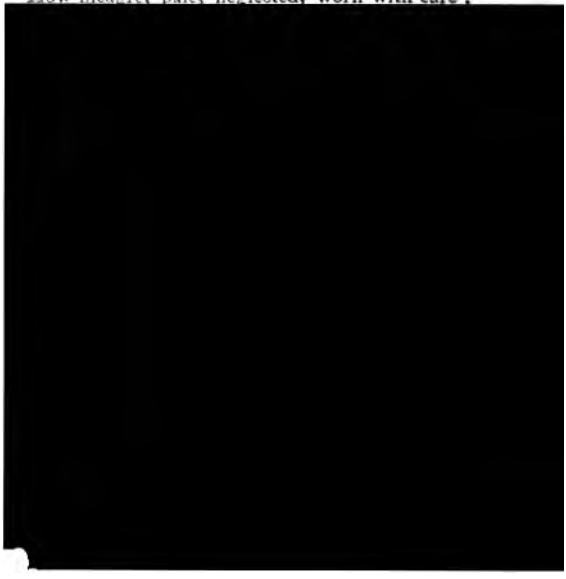
THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I.

TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, Esq.

" —— Animum pictura pascit inani
" Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum."
VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be sunk by heaven to such a dismal state!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!



Near thy bold work the ſtunn'd ſpectators faint,
Nor ſee unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'ſt paint.
What brings to mind each various ſcene of woe,
Th' inſulting judge, the ſolemn-mocking ſhow,
The horrid ſentence, and accurſed blow.

Where then, juſt heaven, was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamantine ſhield, thy angel wings,
And the great Genii of anointed kings!
Treaſon and fraud ſhall thus the ſtars regard!
And injur'd virtue meet this ſad reward!
So ſad, none like, can Time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell.
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs, or blaſphemy.

O power ſupreme! How ſecret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man, would trace the myſtic maze,
With fooliſh wiſdom, arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod;
New-mould the ſpheres, and mend the ſky's deſign,
And ſound th' immenſe with his ſhort ſcanty line.
Do thou, my ſoul, the deſtin'd period wait,
When God ſhall ſolve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal diſpenſations clear,
And make all wiſe and beautiful appear;
When ſuffering ſaints aloft in beams ſhall glow,
And proſperous traitors gnaſh their teeth below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty conſcience dart,
A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
Then this pale image ſeem'd t' invade his room,
Gaz'd him to ſtone, and warn'd him to the tomb,

While

While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
And the ſtorm wings his ſpotted ſoul away.
A blaſt more bounteous ne'er did heaven command
To ſcatter bleſſings o'er the Britiſh land.
Not that more kind, which daſh'd the pride of Spain,
And whirl'd her cruſh'd Armada round the main;
Not thoſe more kind, which guide our floating towers,
Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours:
That only kinder, which to Britain's ſhore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race reſtore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.
O Clarke, to whom a Stuart truſts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main;
Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath ſworn,
Tranſmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
This fight ſhall damp the raging ruffian's breaſt,
The poiſon ſpill, and half-drawn ſword arreſt;
To ſoft compaſſion ſtubborn traitors bend,
And, one deſtroy'd, a thouſand kings defend.

I firſt in Britiſh verſe preſume to raiſe;
A venturous rival of the Roman praiſe.
Let me, chaſte Queen of Woods, thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and ſprightly train:
If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
To rouſe the foe, and preſs the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the taſk to join,
And grant me genius for the bold deſign.
In this ſoft ſhade, O ſooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-ſtring to the trembling lyre;
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we ſing,
The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.

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Thy care be firſt the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers diſtinct the different clans excel,
In ſight, or ſwiftneſs, or ſagacious ſmell;
By wiles ungenerous ſome ſurprize the prey,
And ſome by courage win the doubtful day.
Seeſt thou the gaze-hound! how with glance ſevere
From the cloſe herd he marks the deſtin'd deer!
How every nerve the greyhound's ſtretch diſplays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckleſs prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntleſs wolf-dogs ſhake the lion's mane;
O'er all, the blood-hound boaſts ſuperior ſkill,
To ſcent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill!
His fellows' vain alarms rejects with ſcorn,
True to the maſter's voice, and learned horn.

His

Some hounds or manners vile (nor leſs
Of fops in hounds, than in the reaſoning
Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the
And from the ſcent divert the wiſer train
For the foe's footſteps fondly ſnuff their
And mar the muſic with their ſenſeleſs to
Start at the ſtarting prey, or ruſtling win
And, hot at firſt, inglorious lag behind.
A ſauntering tribe! may ſuch my foes di
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler ra
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths u
I ſing, and make Athenian arts our own.
Doſt thou in hounds aſpire to deathleſs
Learn well their lineage and their ancient
Each tribe with joy old ruſtic heralds trac
And ſing the choſen worthies of their rac
How his ſire's features in the ſon were ſpy
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwo
Leſs

Immenſe to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thouſand families of hounds:
Firſt count the ſands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough ſent to ſhades below.
The taſk be mine, to teach Britannia's ſwains,
My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.
Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'ſt to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
Of fillet ſtretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind;
Truſs-thigh'd, ſtraight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his paw,
Large-leg'd, dry ſol'd, and of protended claw.
His flat, wide noſtrils ſnuff the ſavory ſteam,
And from his eyes he ſhoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and cheſt that daſh the morning dew:
He beſt to ſtem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the ſylvan hero's plenteous board.
The matron bitch whoſe womb ſhall beſt produce
The hopes and fortune of th' illuſtrious houſe,
Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign ſeed,
For various nature loaths inceſtuous breed,
Is like the fire throughout. Nor yet diſpleaſe
Large flanks, and ribs, to give the teemer eaſe.
In Spring let looſe thy pairs. Then all things prove
The ſtings of pleaſure, and the pangs of love:
Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial ſhowers,
Earth's mighty womb, and ſtrews her lap with flowers.

Hence

Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
More kindly breezes, and a ſofter ſky:
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough,
In lulling ſtrains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tigers ſoften in th' infectious flames,
And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great Love pervades the deep; to pleaſe his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monſtrous weight,
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.
All Nature ſmiles; come now, nor fear, my love,
To taſte the odours of the woodbine grove,
To paſs the evening glooms in harmleſs play,
And, ſweetly ſwearing, languiſh life away.
An altar, bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, beſt ſeaſon of the various year;
All hail! ſuch days in beauteous order ran,
So ſwift, ſo ſweet, when firſt the world began,
In Eden's bowers, when man's great ſire aſſign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wondrous to tell! but when, with luckleſs hand,
Our daring mother broke the ſole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign:
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry churls enſnar'd the nightly prey;
Rude arts at firſt; but witty want refin'd
The huntſman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold

Bold Nimrod firſt the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the briſtling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courſer in his mid career:
Ah! had he there reſtrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye powers, an humbler wreath demand.
No pomps I aſk, which crowns and ſceptres yield,
Nor dangerous laurels in the duſty field;
Faſt by the foreſt, and the limpid ſpring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to ſing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful preſs the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltleſs name.
And now thy female bears in ample womb
The bane of hares, and triumphs yet to come.
No ſport, I ween, nor blaſt of ſprightly horn,
Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
Unlock'd, in covers let her freely run,
To range thy courts, and bask before the ſun;
Near thy full table let the favourite ſtand,
Strok'd by thy ſon's, or blooming daughter's hand.
Careſs, indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
T' improve her breed, and teem a vigorous tribe.
So, if ſmall things may be compar'd with great,
And Nature's works the Muſe's imitate,
So, ſtretch'd in ſhades, and lull'd by murmuring ſtreams,
Great Maro's breaſt receiv'd the heavenly dreams.
Cloſe cluſe, ſerene, the muſing prophet lay,
Till thoughts in embryo, ripening, burſt their way.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENEL

I.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he
And panting for breath, the coy virgi
When his wiſdom, in manner moſt ample
The long liſt of the graces his godſhip po

II.

I'm the god of ſweet ſong, and inſpirer o
Nor for lays, nor ſweet ſong, the fair fug
I'm the god of the harp—ſtop my faireſt-
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could ferc

III.

Every plant, every flower, and their virt
God of light I'm above, and of phyſic b
At the dreadful word phyſic, the nymph
At the fatal word phyſic ſhe doubled her

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
The laviſh praiſes of the babler, Fame:
I thought them ſuch, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye,
Reſolv'd to find ſome fault, before unſpy'd,
And diſappointed, if but ſatisfy'd.
Love pierc'd the vaſſal heart, that durſt rebel,
And, where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
On thoſe dear eyes, with ſweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my pride and ſoul away;
All o'er I felt the luſcious poiſon run,
And, in a look, the haſty conqueſt won.
Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And ſports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
Raviſh'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in ſo clear a light;
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright deſtruction, and a ſhining tomb.

TO A LADY;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold, appear the lines,
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix ſhines;
A thouſand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
A tale more ſtrange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play ſo wild a part.

Each fabled charm in matchleſs Cælia meets,
The heavenly colours, and ambroſial ſweets;
Her virgin boſom chaſter fires ſupplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom diſcloſe,
Th' untainted lily, and unfolding roſe;
Eaſe in your mien, and ſweetneſs in your face,
You ſpeak a Syren, and you move a Grace;
Nor time ſhall urge theſe beauties to decay,
While virtue gives, what years ſhall ſteal away:
The fair, whoſe youth can boaſt the worth of age,
In age ſhall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change ſtill lovely, ſtill the ſame,
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

IN utmoſt ocean lies a lovely iſle,
Where ſpring ſtill blooms, and greens for ever ſmile
Which ſees the ſun put on his firſt array,
And hears his panting ſteeds bring on the day;
When, from the deep, they ruſh with rapid force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious courſe;
When firſt appear the ruddy ſtreaks of light,
And glimmering beams diſpel the parting night.
In theſe ſoft ſhades, unpreſt by human feet,
The happy Phœnix keeps his balmy ſeat,

Far

Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
A god-like bird! whoſe endleſs round of years
Out-laſts the ſtars, and tires the circling ſpheres;
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the cryſtal of the murmuring rill;
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And ſlak'd by ſtreams which eaſtern ſeas convey;
Still he renews his life in theſe abodes,
Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes ſhoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thouſand glories play;
High on his creſt, a ſtar celeſtial bright
Divides the darkneſs with its piercing light;
His legs are ſtain'd with purple's lively dye,
His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
Enrich'd with ſpangles, and bedropt with gold.
Begot by none himſelf, begetting none,
Sire of himſelf he is, and of himſelf the ſon;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind deſtruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new ſtrength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live.
For when a thouſand times the ſummer ſun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal ſigns have roll'd,
As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.

So falls the ſtately pine, that proudly grew,
The ſhade and glory of the mountain's brow.
When pierc'd by blaſts, and ſpouting clouds o'er-ſpread,
It, ſlowly ſinking, nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds, and part by ſickly rains,
And waſting age deſtroys the poor remains.

Then, as the ſilver empreſs of the night,
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So, froz'n with age, and ſhut from light's ſupplies,
In lazy rounds ſcarce roll his feeble eyes,
And thoſe fleet wings, for ſtrength and ſpeed renown'd,
Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.

Myſterious arts a ſecond time create
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his fire the ſun's intenſeſt rays;
The pile deſign'd to form his funeral ſcene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his ſpicy heap at once become
A grave deſtructive, and a teeming womb.

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with perſuaſive cries,
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.

The god beholds the ſuppliant from afar,
And ſtops the progreſs of his heavenly carr.
"O thou, ſays he, whom harmleſs fires ſhall burn,
"Thy age the flame to ſecond youth ſhall turn,
"An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.
"Thou, on whom heaven has fix'd th' ambiguous doom
"To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,

"Thy

"Thy life, thy ſtrength, thy lovely form renew,
"And with freſh beauties doubly charm the view."
Thus ſpeaking, 'midſt the aromatic bed
A golden beam he toſſes from his head;
Swift as deſire, the ſhining ruin flies,
And ſtraight devours the willing ſacrifice,
Who haſtes to periſh in the fertile fire,
Sink into ſtrength, and into life expire.
In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air, and glitter in the ſky,
The moon and ſtars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
And nature ſtartles at the doubtful ſight;
For, whilſt the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddeſs labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cheriſh, in the friendly flames,
The nobleſt product of the ſkill ſhe claims.
Th' enlivening duſt its head begins to rear,
And on the aſhes ſprouting plumes appear;
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
And life returning revels in his veins:
A new-born Phœnix ſtarting from the flame,
Obtains at once a ſon's, and father's name;
And the great change of double life diſplays,
In the ſhort moment of one tranſient blaze.
On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing, with majeſtic pride,
The balmy neſt, where firſt he liv'd and dy'd.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unuſual ſight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;

In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
Oppreſs the air, and cloud the ſpacious ſky;
Nor dares the fierceſt of the winged race
Obſtruct his journey through th' æthereal ſpace;
The hawk and eagle uſeleſs wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and conſent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bleſs the gaudy flight of their ambroſial king.
Leſs glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
Commanding legions to the duſty field;
Though ſparkling jewels on his helm abound,
And royal gold his awful head ſurround;
Though rich embroidery paint his purple veſt,
And his ſteed bound in coſtly trappings dreſt,
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.
Fam'd for the worſhip of the ſun, there ſtands
A ſacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis ſaid, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god;
Upon whoſe altar's conſecrated blaze
The ſeeds and relicks of himſelf he lays,
Whence flaming incenſe makes the temple ſhine,
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.
The wafted ſmell to far Peluſium flies,
To chear old ocean, and enrich the ſkies,
With nectar's ſweets to make the nations ſmile,
And ſcent the ſeven-fold channels of the Nile.

Thrice

Thrice happy Phœnix! heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyſelf thyſelf's ſurviving heir;
By death thy deathleſs vigour is ſupply'd,
Which ſinks to ruin all the world beſide;
Thy age, not thee, aſſiſting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
Whate'er events have been, thy eyes ſurvey,
And thou art fixt, while ages roll away;
Thou ſaw'ſt when raging ocean burſt his bed,
O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'er-ſpread;
When the raſh youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the ſkies, and ſcar'd the deathleſs gods.
When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot ſhall brave,
Baffle deſtruction, and elude the grave.

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER ON HER MARRIAGE.

FROM MENAGE.

THE greateſt ſwain that treads th' Arcadian grove,
Our ſhepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph, his ſofter fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He, 'midſt the graceful, of ſuperior grace,
And ſhe the loveliеſt of the loveliеſt race.
Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno, ſhed,
And crown the pleaſures of the genial bed:

Raiſe

TO A LAD

WITH A PRESENT OF

THE fragrant painting of our fi
The choiceſt ſtores that youth
Strephon to fair Eliſa hath convey'
The ſweeteſt garland to the ſweeteſt
O cheer the flowers, my fair, and l
On the Elyſium of thy ſnowy breaſt
And there regale the ſmell, and cha
With richer odours, and a lovelier l
Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in
Thy form divine, and beauty's mat
Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright
And thy ripe lips out-bluſh the open
The lily's ſnow betrays leſs pure a l

This night ſhall ſee the gaudy wreath decline,
The roſes wither, and the lilies pine.
The garlands fate to thine ſhall be apply'd,
And what advance thy form, ſhall check thy pride:
Be wiſe, my fair, the preſent hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waſte of love;
Each drooping bloom ſhall plead thy juſt excuſe,
And that which ſhew'd thy beauty, ſhew its uſe.

ON A LADY'S PICTURE;

TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQ;

AS Damon Chloe's painted form ſurvey'd,
He ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for the jilting ſhade:
For Cupid taught the artiſt hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
Now he laments a look ſo falſely fair,
And almoſt damns, what yet reſembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing eyes;
Now ſated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her ivory neck his lips preſume to kiſs,
And his bold hands the ſwelling boſom preſs;
The ſwain drinks-in deep draughts of vain deſire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.
Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
What love inſpires, may life itſelf impart.
Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;

Claſſ

Claſp, new Pygmalion, claſp the ſeeming charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enlivening image warms,
Deſtin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms:
Thy arms, which ſhall with fire ſo fierce invade,
That ſhe at once ſhall be, and ceaſe to be a maid.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæſar, having reſolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the ſame field. The behaviour of their ſoldiers, at their ſeeing and knowing one another, is the ſubject of the following verſes.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering ſoldiers knew;
Brother, with brother in unnatural ſtrife,
And the ſon arm'd againſt the father's life:
Curſt civil war! then conſcience firſt was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb ſorrow all at once they ſtand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltleſs hand;
To vent ten thouſand ſtruggling paſſions move,
The ſtings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run, with tranſport, to the longing foe:
Here the long-loſt acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,

Youths,

uths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
me rent in twain, and kindred hoſts they view.
Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
id kiſſes, broke by ſobs, the words of grief;
ough yet no blood was ſpilt, each anxious mind
ith horror thinks on what his rage deſign'd.
ıl generous youths, why thus, with fruitleſs pain,
at ye thoſe breaſts? why guſh thoſe eyes in vain?
hy blame ye heaven, and charge your guilt on fate?
hy dread the tyrant, whom yourſelves make great?
ds he the trumpet ſound? the trumpet ſlight.
ids he the ſtandards move? refuſe the fight.
our generals, left by you, will love again
ſon and father, when they're private men.
Kind Concord, heavenly born! whoſe bliſsful reign
olds this vaſt globe in one ſurrounding chain,
Vhoſe laws the jarring elements control,
nd knit each atom cloſe from pole to pole;
oul of the world! and love's eternal ſpring!
his lucky hour, thy aid fair goddeſs bring!
his lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
leap guilt on guilt, and doubly ſtain the times.
lo veil henceforth for ſin, for pardon none;
hey know their duty, now their friends are known.
ain wiſh! from blood ſhort muſt the reſpite be,
lew crimes, by love inhanc'd, this night ſhall ſee:
uch is the will of fate, and ſuch the hard decree.
'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
he ſoldiers mingling chearful feaſts prepare:

On the green ſod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
And haſty banquets pil'd upon the ground:
Around the fire they talk; one ſhews his ſcars,
One tells what chance firſt led him to the wars;
Their ſtories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circle liſtens to the tale;
They own they fought, but ſwear they ne'er could hate,
Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate;
Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,
A ſhort-liv'd bleſſing, but to heighten woe.

When to Petreius firſt the news was told,
The jealous general thought his legions ſold.
Swift with the guards, his head-ſtrong fury drew,
From out his camp he drives the hoſtile crew;
Cuts chaſping friends aſunder with his ſword,
And ſtains with blood each hoſpitable board.

Then thus his wrath breaks out. 'Oh! loſt to fame!
'Oh! falſe to Pompey, and the Roman name!
'Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands?
'Oh! die at leaſt; 'tis all that Rome demands.
'What! will ye own, while ye can wield the ſword,
'A rebel ſtandard, and uſurping lord?
'Shall he be ſued to take you into place
'Amongſt his ſlaves, and grant you equal grace?
'What? ſhall my life be begg'd? inglorious thought!
'And life abhorr'd, on ſuch conditions bought!
'The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,
'Too mean a prize in ſuch a dreadful ſtrife;
'But peace would lead to ſervitude and ſhame,
'A fair amuſement, and a ſpecious name.

'Never

'Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
'Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,
'Ne'er had the ſteed in harneſs fought the plain,
'Or fleets encounter'd on th' unſtable main;
'Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd
'Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
'By guilty oaths the hoſtile army bound,
'Holds faſt its impious faith, and ſtands its ground;
'Are you perfidious, who eſpouſe the laws,
'And traitors only in a righteous cauſe?
'Oh ſhame! in vain through nations far and wide,
'Thou call'ſt the crowding monarchs to thy ſide,
'Fall'n Pompey! while thy legions here betray
'Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away.'
He ended fierce. The ſoldier's rage returns,
His blood flies upward, and his boſom burns.
So, haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
Leſs grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
But if by chance he taſtes forbidden gore,
He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar.
He glares, he foams, he aims a deſperate bound,
And his pale maſter flies the dangerous ground.
Now deeds are done, which man might charge aright
On ſtubborn fate, or undiſcerning night,
Had not their guilt the lawleſs ſoldiers known,
And made the whole malignity their own.
The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
And breaſts are ſtabb'd, that were embrac'd before:
Pity awhile their hands from ſlaughter kept.
Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept,

But

...ous rage! each
Drags his ſlain friend before t
Exults in guilt, that throws t
On Pompey's cauſe, and blot

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

THE DEDICATION.

WHEN I firſt entered upon this tranſlation, I was ambitious of dedicating it to the earl of Halifax; but being prevented from doing myſelf that honour, by the unſpeakable loſs which our country hath ſuſtained in the death of that extraordinary perſon, I hope I ſhall not be blamed for preſuming to make a dedication of it to his memory. The greatneſs of his name will juſtify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work, which (if it had deſerved his patronage) is perhaps the only one inſcribed to his lordſhip, that will eſcape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from ſuch a dedication, that nothing, I could ſay in it, would be ſuſpected of flattery. Beſides that the world would take a pleaſure in hearing thoſe things ſaid of this great man, now he is dead, which he himſelf would have been offended at when living. But though I am ſenſible, ſo amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the publick, were I able to draw it in its full extent: I ſhould be cenſured very deſervedly, ſhould I venture upon an undertaking, to which I am by no means equal.

His conſummate knowledge in all kinds of buſineſs, his winning eloquence in public aſſemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the ſhare he had in conveying the ſupreme power to an illuſtrious family famous for being friends to mankind, are ſubjects eaſy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhauſted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune, which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of ſo generous and univerſal a patron.

He reſted not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himſelf was ſo great a maſter; but was acted by that humanity they naturally inſpire: which gave riſe to many excellent writers, who have caſt a light upon the age in which he lived, and will diſtinguiſh it to poſterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been publiſhed for ſeveral years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or ſupported by his approbation, or recompenſed by his bounty. And if the ſucceſſion of men, who excel in moſt of the refined arts, ſhould not continue; though ſome may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen; thoſe, who are unacquainted with his lordſhip's character, will know more juſtly how to account for it.

The cauſe of liberty will receive no ſmall advantage in future times, when it ſhall be obſerved that the earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that moſt of thoſe, who were eminent in the ſeveral parts of polite or uſeful learning, were

were by his influence and example engaged in the ſame intereſt.

I hope therefore the publick will excuſe my ambition for thus intruding into the number of thoſe applauded men, who have paid him this kind of homage: eſpecially ſince I am alſo prompted to it by gratitude, for the protection with which he had begun to honour me; and do it at a time when he cannot ſuffer by the importunity of my acknowledgments.

TO THE READER.

I Muſt inform the reader, that when I began this firſt book, I had ſome thoughts of tranſlating the whole Iliad: but had the pleaſure of being diverted from that deſign, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publiſhing this ſmall ſpecimen of Homer's Iliad, than to beſpeak, if poſſible, the favour of the publick to a tranſlation of Homer's Odyſſeis, wherein I have already made ſome progreſs.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence diſcord roſe,
That brought the ſons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O goddeſs, ſing. Full many a hero's ghoſt
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coaſt,
While in promiſcuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feaſt for dogs, and every bird of prey.

His prieſt diſhonour'd, and his power d
Hence ſwift contagion, by the god's cor
Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the

For, wealth immenſe the holy Chryſe
(His daughter's ranſom) to the tented ſh
His ſceptre ſtretching forth, the golden
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of
Of all the hoſt, of every princely chief,
But firſt of Atreus' ſons, he begg'd relie

' Great Atreus' ſons and warlike Gre
' So may th' immortal gods your cauſe l
' So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks b
' And rich in gather'd ſpoils to Greece
' As for theſe gifts my daughter you be
' And reverence due to great Apollo ſho
' Jove's favourite offspring. terrible in
' Who ſends his ſhafts unerring from af

'Left thou ſtretch forth, my fury to reſtrain,
'The wreaths and ſceptre of thy god, in vain.
'The captive maid I never will reſign.
'Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine.
'To diſtant Argos ſhall the fair be led:
'She ſhall; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.
'Begone, ere evil intercept thy way.
'Hence, on thy life: nor urge me by thy ſtay.'
He ended frowning. Speechleſs and diſmay'd,
The aged ſire his ſtern command obey'd.
Silent he paſs'd, amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling billows, on the lonely ſhore;
Far from the camp he paſs'd: then ſuppliant ſtood;
And thus the hoary prieſt invok'd his god:
'Dread warrior with the ſilver bow, give ear.
'Patron of Chryſa and of Cilla, hear.
'To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs;
'Propitious Smintheus! Oh! redreſs my wrongs.
'If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
'The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
'O! hear my prayer. Let Greece thy fury know,
'And with thy ſhafts avenge thy ſervant's woe.'
Apollo heard his injur'd ſuppliant's cry.
Down ruſh'd the vengeful warrior from the ſky;
Acroſs his breaſt the glittering bow he flung,
And at his back the well-ſtor'd quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal ſight;
Then took his ſtand, the well-aim'd ſhaft to throw:
Fierce ſprung the ſtring, and twang'd the ſilver bow.

..... Achilles through
Summon'd a council, by the
Who wields heaven's ſceptre
She mourn'd her favourite G
The hero, ſwiftly ſpeaking as
' What now, O Atreus' ſo
' But o'er the deep our wande
' Doom'd to deſtruction, whil
' The ſword and peſtilence at
' Why haſte we not ſome prop
' Or ſeek by dreams ? (for drea
' What moves Apollo's rage le
' What vow withheld, what he
' And if the blood of lambs an
' The price for guilt, and turn
Thus he. And next the rev
Their guide to Ilion whom the
The prince of augurs, whoſe en
Could things paſt, preſent

'For I foreſee his rage, whoſe ample ſway
'The Argian powers and ſceptred chiefs obey.
'The wrath of kings what ſubject can oppoſe?
'Deep in their breaſts the ſmother'd vengeance glows,
'Still watchful to deſtroy. Swear, valiant youth,
'Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I ſpeak the truth?
To this Achilles ſwift replies: 'Be bold.
'Diſcloſe, what Phœbus tells thee, uncontrol'd.
'By him, who, liſtening to thy powerful prayer,
'Reveals the ſecret, I devoutly ſwear,
'That, while theſe eyes behold the light, no hand
'Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded ſtrand.
'Not Atreus' ſon. Though now himſelf he boaſt
'The king of men, and ſovereign of the hoſt.'
Then boldly he. 'Nor does the god complain
'Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unſlain.
'Chryſeïs to her awful ſire refus'd,
'The gifts rejected, and the prieſt abus'd,
'Call down theſe judgments, and for more they call,
'Juſt ready on th' exhauſted camp to fall;
'Till ranſom-free the damſel is beſtow'd,
'And hecatombs are ſent to ſooth the god,
'To Chryſa ſent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
'The gifts may expiate, and the prieſt aſſuage.'
He ſpoke, and ſat. When, with an angry frown,
The chief of kings upſtarted from his throne.
Diſdain and vengeance in his boſom riſe,
Lour in his brows, and ſparkle in his eyes;
Full at the prieſt their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.

'Augur of ills, (for never good to me
'Did that moſt inauſpicious voice decree)
'For ever ready to denounce my woes,
'When Greece is puniſh'd, I am ſtill the cauſe;
'And now when Phœbus ſpreads his plagues abroad,
'And waſtes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
'Becauſe my blooming captive I detain,
'And the large ranſom is produc'd in vain.
'Fond of the maid, my queen, in beauty's pride,
'Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
'Not Clytæmneſtra boaſts a nobler race,
'A ſweeter temper, or a lovelier face,
'In works of female ſkill hath more command,
'Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.
'Yet ſhe ſhall go. The fair our peace ſhall buy:
'Better I ſuffer, than my people die.
'But mark me well. See inſtantly prepar'd
'A full equivalent, a new reward.
'Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his ſhare,
'Your chief ſhould loſe his portion of the war:
'In vain your chief; whilſt the dear prize, I boaſt,
'Is wreſted from me, and for ever loſt.'
To whom the ſwift purſuer quick reply'd:
'Oh ſunk in avarice, and ſwoln with pride!
'How ſhall the Greeks, though large of ſoul they be,
'Collect their ſever'd ſpoils, a heap for thee
'To ſearch anew, and cull the choiceſt ſhare
'Amid the mighty harveſt of the war?
'Then yield thy captive, to the god reſign'd,
'Aſſur'd a tenfold recompence to find,

'When

'When Jove's decree ſhall throw proud Ilion down,
'And give to plunder the devoted town.'
'Think not, Atrides anſwer'd, though thou ſhine,
'Graceful in beauty, like the powers divine,
'Think not, thy wiles, in ſpecious words convey'd,
'From its firm purpoſe ſhall my ſoul diſſuade.
'Muſt I alone bereft ſit down with ſhame,
'And thou inſulting keep thy captive dame?
'If, as I aſk, the large-ſoul'd Greeks conſent
'Full recompence to give, I ſtand content.,
'If not: a prize I ſhall myſelf decree,
'From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee.
'While the proud prince, deſpoil'd, ſhall rage in vain.
'But break we here. The reſt let time explain.
'Launch now a well-trim'd galley from the ſhore,
'With hands experienc'd at the bending oar:
'Incloſe the hecatomb; and then with care
'To the high deck convey the captive fair.
'The ſacred bark let ſage Ulyſſes guide,
'Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preſide:
'Or thou, O mighty man, the chief ſhalt be.
'And who more fit to ſoothe the god than thee?'
'Shameleſs, and poor of ſoul,' the prince replies,
And on the monarch caſts his ſcornful eyes,
'What Greek henceforth will march at thy command,
'In ſearch of danger on the doubtful ſtrand?
'Who in the face of day provoke the fight,
'Or tempt the ſecret ambuſh of the night?
'Not I, be ſure. Henceforward I am free.
'For ne'er was Priam's houſe a foe to me.

'Far

'Far from their inroads, in my paſtures feed
'The lowing heifer, and the pamper'd ſteed,
'On Phthia's hills our fruits ſecurely grow,
'And ripen careleſs of the diſtant foe,
'Between whoſe realms and our Theſſalian ſhore
'Unnumber'd mountains riſe, and billows roar.
'For thine, and for thy baffled brother's fame,
'Acroſs thoſe ſeas, diſdainful man, I came;
'Yet, inſolent! by arbitrary ſway,
'Thou talk'ſt of ſeizing on my rightful prey,
'The prize whoſe purchaſe toils and dangers coſt,
'And given by ſuffrage of the Grecian hoſt.
'What town, when ſack'd by our victorious bands,
'But ſtill brought wealth to thoſe rapacious hands?
'To me, thus ſcorn'd, contented doſt thou yield
'My ſhare of blood in the tumultuous field;
'But ſtill the flower of all the ſpoil is thine;
'There claim'ſt thou moſt. Nor e'er did I repine.
'Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it beſt,
'With ſlaughter tir'd, and panting after reſt.
'To Phthia now, for I ſhall fight no more,
'My ſhips their crooked prows ſhall turn from ſhore.
'When I am ſcorn'd, I think I well foreſee
'What ſpoils and pillage will be won by thee.
'Hence! cry'd the monarch, hence! without delay:
Think not, vain man! my voice ſhall urge thy ſtay.
'Others thou leav'ſt to the great cauſe inclin'd,
'A league of kings thou leav'ſt, and Jove behind.
'Of all the chiefs doſt thou oppoſe me moſt:
'Outrage and uproar are thy only boaſt.

'Diſcor

' Diſcord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
' If thou art ſtrong, 'tis Jove hath made thee ſo.
' Go, at thy pleaſure. None will ſtop thy way.
' Go, bid thy baſe-born Myrmidons obey.
' Thou, nor thy rage, ſhall my reſolves ſubdue;
' I fix my purpoſe, and my threats renew.
' Since 'tis decreed I muſt the maid reſtore,
' A ſhip ſhall waft her to th' offended power;
' But fair Briſeïs, thy allotted prize,
' Myſelf will ſeize, and ſeize before thy eyes:
' That thou and each audacious man may ſee,
' How vain the raſh attempt to cope with me.'
Stung to the ſoul, tumultuous thoughts began
This way and that to rend the godlike man.
To force a paſſage with his falchion drawn,
And hurl th' imperial boaſter from his throne,
He now reſolves: and now reſolves again
To quell his fury, and his arm reſtrain.
While thus by turns his rage and reaſon ſway'd,
And half unſheath'd he held the glittering blade;
That moment, Juno, whoſe impartial eye
Watch'd o'er them both, ſent Pallas from the ſky:
She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
(To him alone the radiant goddeſs ſhin'd.)
Sudden he turn'd, and ſtarted with ſurprize;
Rage and revenge flaſh'd dreadful in his eyes.
Then thus with haſty words: ' O! heavenly-born,
' Com'ſt thou to ſee proud Agamemnon's ſcorn?
' But thou ſhalt ſee (my ſword ſhall make it good)
' This glutted ſand ſmoke with the tyrant's blood.'

'To ſooth thy ſoul, the blue-ey'd maid replies,
'(If thou obey my voice) I left the ſkies.
'Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this command!
'Suppreſs thy wrath, and ſtay thy vengeful hand.
'Be all thy rage in tauntful words expreſt;
'But guiltleſs let the thirſty falchion reſt.
'Mark what I ſpeak. An hour is on its way,
'When gifts tenfold for this affront ſhall pay.
'Suppreſs thy wrath; and heaven and me obey.'
Then he: 'I yield; though with reluctant mind.
'Who yields to heaven ſhall heaven propitious find.'
The ſilver hilt cloſe-graſping, at the word,
Deep in the ſheath he plung'd his mighty ſword.
The goddeſs, turning, darted from his ſight,
And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.

'But given by Jove the ſons of men to awe,
'Now ſways the nations, and confirms the law)
'A day ſhall come, when for this hour's diſdain
'The Greeks ſhall wiſh for me, and wiſh in vain;
'Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid afford,
'When heaps on heaps ſhall fall by Hector's ſword:
'Too late with anguiſh ſhall thy heart be torn,
'That the firſt Greek was made the public ſcorn.'
He ſaid. And, mounting with a furious bound,
He daſh'd his ſtudded ſceptre on the ground;
Then ſat. Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.
'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compoſe,
The Pylian prince, the ſmooth-ſpeech'd Neſtor roſe.
His tongue dropp'd honey. Full of days was he;
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee:
And, his firſt race of ſubjects long decay'd,
O'er their ſons ſons a peaceful ſceptre ſway'd.
'Alas for Greece! he cries, and what with joy
'Shall Priam hear, and every ſon of Troy!
'That you, the firſt in wiſdom as in wars,
'Waſte your great ſouls in poor ignoble jars!
'Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd
'Greater than you have the wiſe Neſtor heard.
'Their equals never ſhall theſe eyes behold:
'Cæneus the juſt, Pirithous the bold,
'Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
'Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
'Theſeus unrival'd in his ſire's abodes,
'And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.

'They,

'They, greateſt names that ancient ſtory knows,
'In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes:
'Fearleſs through rocks and wilds their prey purſued,
'And the huge double Centaur race ſubdued.
'With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
'Through regions, far from my ſweet native home;
'They call'd me to the wars. No living hand
'Could match their valour, or their ſtrength withſtand;
'Yet wont they oft my ſage advice to hear.
'Then liſten both, with an attentive ear.
'Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous ſlave,
'Th' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave.
'Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone
'Urge him to wrath, who fills that ſacred throne,
'The king of forty kings, and honour'd more

'In vain thou nodd'ſt from thy imperial throne.
'Thy vaſſals ſeek elſewhere: for I am none.
'But break we here. The fair, though juſtly mine,
'With ſword undrawn I purpoſe to reſign.
'On aught beſide, I once for all command,
'Lay not, I charge thee, thy preſumptuous hand.
'Come not within my reach. Nor dare advance.
'Or thy heart's blood ſhall reek upon my lance.'
Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.
The council broke; each takes his ſeparate way.
Achilles ſeeks his tent with reſtleſs mind;
Patroclus and his train move ſlow behind.
Mean time, a bark was haul'd along the ſand,
Twice ten ſelected Greeks, a brawny band,
Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all intruſted to Ulyſſes' care.
They mount the deck. The veſſel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the ſurge, and leſſens to the ſight.
Next he ordains along the winding coaſt
By hallow'd rites to purify the hoſt.
A herd of choſen victims they provide,
And caſt their offals on the briny tide.
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.
In clouds the ſavory ſteam aſcends the ſky.
The Greeks to heaven their ſolemn vows addreſt;
But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breaſt.
Obſequious at his call two heralds ſtand:
To them in frowns he gives this harſh command.
'Ye heralds, to Achilles' tent repair;
'Thence ſwift the female ſlave Briſeïs bear.

'With

'With arms, if diſobey'd, myſelf will come.
'Bid him reſign her, or he tempts his doom.'
The heralds, though unwillingly, obey.
Along the ſea-beat ſhore they ſpeed their way:
And, now the Myrmidonian quarter paſt,
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
Diſturb'd the ſolemn meſſengers he ſaw:
They too ſtood ſilent, with reſpectful awe,
Before the royal youth, they neither ſpoke.
He gueſs'd their meſſage, and the ſilence broke:
'Ye miniſters of gods and men, draw near,
'Not you, but him whoſe heralds ye appear,
'Robb'd of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring
'The damſel forth for this diſdainful king.
'But ye, my wrongs, O heralds, bear in mind

And as the ſea wide-rolling he ſurvey'd,
With out-ſtretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:
'Since to ſhort life thy hapleſs ſon was born,
'Great Jove ſtands bound by promiſe to adorn
'His ſtinted courſe, with an immortal name.
'Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
'The ſon of Atreus, proud of lawleſs ſway,
'Demands, poſſeſſes, and enjoys my prey.'
Near her old ſire enthron'd, ſhe heard him weep
From the low ſilent caverns of the deep:
Then in a morning miſt her head ſhe rears,
Sits by her ſon, and mingles tears with tears;
Cloſe graſps her darling's hand. 'My ſon, ſhe cries,
'Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?
'Oh tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
'That both may know it, and that both may ſhare.'
'Oh! goddeſs!' cry'd he, with an inward groan,
'Thou know'ſt it all: to thee are all things known.
'Eëtian Thebes we ſack'd, their ranſack'd towers,
'The plunder of a people, all was ours.
'We ſtood agreed the booty to divide.
'Chryſeïs roſy-cheek'd, and gloſſy-ey'd,
'Fell to the king; but holy Chryſes bore
'Vaſt gifts of ranſom, to the tented ſhore:
'His ſceptre ſtretching forth (the golden rod
'Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)
'Of all the hoſt, of every princely chief,
'But firſt of Atreus' ſons, he begg'd relief.
'Throughout the hoſt conſenting murmurs ran,
'To yield her to the venerable man;

'But the harſh king deny'd to do him right,
'And drove the trembling prophet from his ſight.
'Apollo heard his injur'd ſuppliant's cry,
'And dealt his arrows through th' infected ſky;
'The ſwift contagion, ſent by his commands,
'Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
'The guilty cauſe a ſacred augur ſhow'd,
'And I firſt mov'd to mitigate the god.
'At this the tyrant ſtorm'd, and vengeance vow'd;
'And now too ſoon hath made his threatnings good.
'Chryſeïs firſt with gifts to Chryſa ſent,
'His heralds came this moment to my tent,
'And bore Briſeïs thence, my beauteous ſlave,
'Th' allotted prize, which the leagu'd Grecians gave.
'Thou goddeſs, then, and thou, I know, haſt power

'Remind him then: for well thou know'ſt the art:
'Go, claſp his knees, and melt his mighty heart.
'Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
'Seek the laſt verge of this tempeſtuous main:
'There let them periſh, void of all relief,
'My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief.
'Too late with anguiſh ſhall his heart be torn,
'That the firſt Greek was made the public ſcorn.'
Then ſhe (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er:)
'Why bore I thee! or nouriſh'd, when I bore!
'Bleſt, if within thy tent, and free from ſtrife,
'Thou might'ſt poſſeſs thy poor remains of life.
'Thy death approaching now the fates foreſhow;
'Short is thy deſtin'd term, and full of woe.
'Ill-fated thou! and oh unhappy I!
'But hence to the celeſtial courts I fly,
'Where, hid in ſnow, to heaven Olympus ſwells,
'And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
'Meantime, my ſon, indulge thy juſt diſdain:
'Vent all thy rage, and ſhun the hoſtile plain,
'Till Jove returns. Laſt night my waves he croſs'd,
'And ſought the diſtant Ethiopian coaſt:
'Along the ſkies his radiant courſe he ſteer'd,
'Behind him all the train of gods appear'd,
'A bright proceſſion. To the holy feaſt
'Of blameleſs men he goes a grateful gueſt.
'To heaven he comes, when twice ſix days are o'er!
'Then ſhall his voice the fire of gods implore,
'Then to my lofty manſion will I paſs,
'Founded on rocks of ever-during braſs:

The daughter of the dawn: th' awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their courſe renew.
The breezes freſhen: for with friendly gales
Apollo ſwell'd their wide, diſtended, ſails:
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
And in hoarſe murmurs break on either ſide.
In ſafety to the deſtin'd port they paſs'd,
And fix'd their bark with grappling haulſers faſt;
Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coaſt,
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the hoſt.
But fierce Achilles, ſtill on vengeance bent,
Cheriſh'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
Th' aſſembled chiefs he ſhun'd with high diſdain,
A band of kings: nor ſought the hoſtile plain;
But long'd to hear the diſtant troops engage,
The ſtrife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.
Twelve days were paſt; and now th' ethereal train,
Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again:
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to riſe,
Shot through a big-ſwol'n wave, and pierc'd the ſkies.
At early morn ſhe reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the reſidence of Jove.
On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart ſhe found,
Above the reſt. The earth beneath diſplay'd
(A boundleſs proſpect) his broad eye ſurvey'd.
Her left hand graſp'd his knees, her right ſhe rear'd,
And touch'd with blandiſhment his awful beard;
Then, ſuppliant, with ſubmiſſive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's ſon, the god by gods ador'd:

If

'If e'er, by rebel deities oppreſt,
'My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one requeſt.
'Since to ſhort life my hapleſs ſon was born,
'Do thou with fame the ſcanty ſpace adorn.
'Puniſh the king of men, whoſe lawleſs ſway
'Hath ſham'd the youth, and ſeiz'd his deſtin'd prey.
'Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
'And doubled honours to my offspring give.'
She ſaid. The god vouchſaf'd not to reply
(A deep ſuſpence ſat in his thoughtful eye):
Once more around his knees the goddeſs clung,
And to ſoft accents form'd her artful tongue:
'Oh! ſpeak. Or grant me, or deny my prayer.
'Fear not to ſpeak, what I am doom'd to bear;
'That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
'The moſt deſpis'd of all the gods am I.'
With a deep ſigh the Thundering Power replies:
'To what a height will Juno's anger riſe!
'Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
'My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
'I grant thy ſuit. But, hence! depart unſeen,
'And ſhun the ſight of heaven's ſuſpicious queen.
'Believe my nod, the great, the certain ſign,
'When Jove propitious hears the powers divine;
'The ſign that ratifies my high command,
'That thus I will: and what I will ſhall ſtand.'
This ſaid, his kingly brow the ſire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick ſhadowing the ſtern forehead of the god:
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.

The goddess smil'd: and, with a sudden leap,
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celestial towers:
And, as he rose, up-rose th' immortal powers.
In ranks, on either side, th' assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he pass'd.
To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
Close at his knees the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary in the deep resides)
Big with invectives, Juno silence broke,
And thus, opprobrious, her resentments spoke:
'False Jove! what goddess whispering did I see?
'O fond of counsels, still conceal'd from me!
'To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart

'Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
'Aged and hoary in the deep reſides.
'Thy nod aſſures me ſhe was not deny'd:
'And Greece muſt periſh for a madman's pride.'
To whom the god, whoſe hand the tempeſt forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with ſtorms;
Thus wrathful anſwer'd: 'Doſt thou ſtill complain?
'Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain!
'Should'ſt thou diſcloſe the dark event to come,
'How wilt thou ſtop th' irrevocable doom!
'This ſerves the more to ſharpen my diſdain;
'And woes foreſeen but lengthen out thy pain.
'Be ſilent then. Diſpute not my command;
'Nor tempt the force of this ſuperior hand:
'Left all the gods, around thee leagu'd, engage
'In vain to ſhield thee from my kindled rage.'
Mute and abaſh'd ſhe ſat without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majeſtic eye,
Nor further durſt th' offended ſire provoke:
The gods around him trembled, as he ſpoke.
When Vulcan, for his mother ſore diſtreſt,
Turn'd orator, and thus his ſpeech addreſs'd:
'Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
'Stir up debate among the powers divine,
'If things on earth diſturb the bleſt abodes,
'And mar th' ambroſial banquet of the gods!
'Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
'Though much more wiſe than I pretend to be:
'Let me adviſe her ſilent to obey,
'And due ſubmiſſion to our father pay.

'Nor

'Nor force again his gloomy rage to riſe,
'Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the ſkies.
'For ſhould he toſs her from th' Olympian hill,
'Who could reſiſt the mighty monarch's will?
'Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,
'And tempt him kindly on us all to ſmile.'
He ſaid: and in his tottering hands up-bore
A double goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.
'Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content,
'Nor urge a more diſgraceful puniſhment,
'Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, diſmay'd,
'Muſt ſtand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
'Great Jove ſhall reign for ever, uncontrol'd:
'Remember, when I took thy part of old,

Alternate warbling; while the golden lyre,
Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal choir.
The ſun at length declin'd, when every gueſt
Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to reſt:
Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,
A maſter-piece of Vulcan's matchleſs ſkill.
Ev'n he, the god, who heaven's great ſcepter ſways,
And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,
His bed of ſtate aſcending, lay compos'd;
His eyes a ſweet refreſhing ſlumber clos'd:
And at his ſide, all glorious to behold,
Was Juno lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to Addiſon unpaid,
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Through breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What

Oh, gone for ever! tak
And ſleep in peace, ne
To ſtrew freſh laurels, l
A frequent pilgrim, at
Mine with true ſighs thy
And grave with faithful
If e'er from me thy lov'
May ſhame afflict this ali
Of thee forgetful if I for
My lyre be broken, and
My grief be doubled from
And mirth a torment, unc
Oft let me range the glo
Sad luxury! to vulgar min
Along the walls where ſpe
What worthies form the ha
Proud names, who once the
In arms who triumph'd; or
Chiefs

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind;
A winged *Virtue*, through th' ethereal ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How Michael battle'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A taſk well-ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend;
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which, ſo the heavens decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd and ſtill deplor'd by me;
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If buſineſs calls, or crouded courts invite;
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care;
I meet his ſoul which breathes in Cato there;

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures g
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appear
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd;
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, w

Theſe works divine, which on his death-bed laid
o thee, O Craggs, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
reat, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
or he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
vift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
nd cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
left pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
ı future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewel,
arewel! whom, join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
o chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

OF Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:
Till luckleſs love, and pining care,
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

There

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound:
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke
The virgins weeping round:

" I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
" Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
" I ſee a hand, you cannot ſee,
" Which beckons me away.
" By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
" In early youth I die:

She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd, her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The brideſmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mould with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gray, and true-love knots,
They deck the ſacred green;
But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

TO Whitton's ſhades, and Hounſlow's airy plain,
Thou, Kneller, tak'ſt thy ſummer flights in vain,
In vain thy wiſh gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boaſtful Muſe, of others fame ſo ſure,
Implores thy aid to make her own ſecure;
The Great, the Fair, and, if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the Arts ſolicit thee.

[redacted]

Vain care of parts; if, impotent of ſoul,
Th' induſtrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold ſtatue ſtiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,
The kindeſt miſtreſs, and the ſureſt guide,
To catch a likeneſs at one piercing ſight,
And place the faireſt in the faireſt light;
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,
Thy careleſs chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,
And her juſt image makes Cleora ſtart.
A mind that graſps the whole is rarely found,
Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound;
Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the ſame.
Such be thy life, O ſince the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth, flames unſubdued by age;
Though wealth, nor fame, now touch thy ſated mind,
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind;
Since after thee may riſe an impious line,
Coarſe manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, till Fate diſſolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

OF Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends,
The laſt, Cadogan, to the grave deſcends:
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory ſprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who ſung.
From his cold corſe though every friend be fled,
Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead:
Thus did ſhe feign o'er Naſſau's hearſe to mourn;
Thus wept infidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn;
To blaſt the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herſelf had tainted, trim'd anew.

Farewell then Fame, ill ſought through fields and blood,
arewell unfaithful promiſer of good:
hou muſic, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
hou incenſe waſted on the funeral bier!
hrough life purſued in vain, by death obtain'd,
hen aſk'd deny'd us, and when given diſdain'd.

AN ODE INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND AT WINDSOR.

I.

THOU dome, where Edward firſt enroll'd
His red-croſs knights and barons bold,
Whoſe vacant ſeats, by Virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have ſought:
Where Britain's foremoſt names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hoſtile nations moan,
Or brought a bleſſing on their own:

II.

Once more a ſon of Spencer waits,
A name familiar to thy gates;
Sprung from the chief whoſe proweſs gain'd
The Garter while thy founder reign'd,
He offer'd here his dinted ſhield,
The dread of Gauls in Creſſi's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

III.

Theſe feats our fires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce ſons of war confin'd,
The flower of chivalry, who drew
With ſinew'd arm the ſtubborn yew:
Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
Or who, in juſts and tourneys ſkill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
Threw horſe and horſeman to the ground.

IV.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the liſt were join'd.
Not only Warwick ſtain'd with blood,

VI.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiſcuous ſtand.
What though the hero's flame repreſs'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breaſt!
Yet who more dauntleſs to oppoſe
In doubtful days our home-bred foes!
Who rais'd his country's wealth ſo high,
Or view'd with leſs deſiring eye!

VII.

The ſage who large of ſoul ſurveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which ſeas, and tongues, and faiths divide,
A nobler name in Windſor's ſhrine
Shall leave, if right the Muſe divine,
Than ſprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads ſlain.

VIII.

Why praiſe we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that ſets the world on flame?
My guiltleſs Muſe his brow ſhall bind
Whoſe godlike bounty ſpares mankind.
For thoſe, whom bloody garlands crown,
The braſs may breathe, the marble frown,
To him, through every reſcued land,
Ten thouſand living trophies ſtand.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

" —Campos, ubi Troja fuit." VIRG.

WHERE Kenſington high o'er the neighbouring lands
'Midſt greens and ſweets, a regal fabric, ſtands,
And ſees each ſpring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A ſnow of bloſſoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkneſs lies,
They breathe in ſun-ſhine, and ſee azure ſkies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes beſpread,

You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and paſſions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevel'd the gay garden lies:
If generous anguiſh for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts, or ſhiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleaſing dale,
And liſten to my melancholy tale.

That hollow ſpace, where now in living rows
Line above line the yew's ſad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfaſhion'd cave.
The landſkip now ſo ſweet we well may praiſe:
But far, far ſweeter in its antient days,
Far ſweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd,
Where in the midſt thoſe verdant pillars ſpring,
Roſe the proud palace of the Elfin king;
For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded ſtreet was ſeen;
Nor all thoſe leaves that now the proſpect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pygmy race.
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whoſe lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the ſprightly fairies play'd
On every hill, and danc'd in every ſhade.
But, foes to ſun-ſhine, moſt they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human ſight:

There

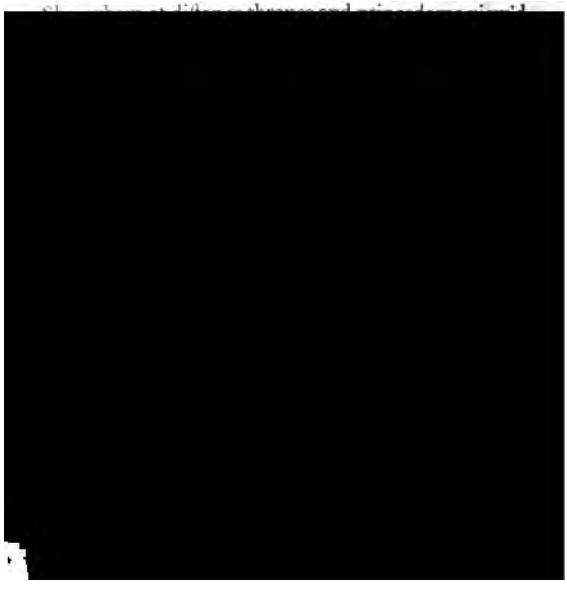
There hew'd their houſes in the arching rock;
Or ſcoop'd the boſom of the blaſted oak;
Or heard, o'erſhadow'd by ſome ſhelving hill,
The diſtant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd ſpoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched ſons of earth.
Ev'n now, 'tis ſaid, the hinds o'erhear their ſtrain,
And ſtrive to view their airy forms in vain:
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the ſhy leveret, or the mother-hare,
The whilſt poor mortals ſtartle at the ſound
Of unſeen footſteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd ſeat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace gate

For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left ſome ſickly changeling in their ſtead.
It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foſter'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-ſkill'd in charms and many a myſtic ſound,
As through the regal dome ſhe ſought for prey,
Obſerv'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And ſtole him from the ſleeping mother's ſide.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time ſhall come when thou ſhalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn ſhalt like the queen repine,
And all her ſorrows doubled ſhall be thine:
He who adorns thy houſe, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, ſhall at length deſtroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale courſe had ſeen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals meaſure time.
Fluſh'd with reſiſtleſs charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For ſkilful Milkah ſpar'd not to employ
Her utmoſt art to rear the princely boy;
Each ſupple limb ſhe ſwath'd, and tender bone,
And to the Elfin ſtandard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daiſy's root,

Whence

Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
Yet ſtill, two inches taller than the reſt,
His lofty port his human birth confeſt;
A foot in height, how ſtately did he ſhow!
How look ſuperior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toſs the ruſhy lance!
Who move ſo graceful in the mazy dance!
A ſhape ſo nice, or features half ſo fair,
What elf could boaſt! or ſuch a flow of hair!
Bright Kenna ſaw, a princeſs born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heireſs to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the ſtars, and next the moon ador'd,



To her he ſhow'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers diſtinguiſh'd, and deſcrib'd their uſe:
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well-ſung Ovid, "There 's no herb for love."
As when a ghoſt, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell ſome ſecret woe,
The poor ſhade ſhivering ſtands, and muſt not break
His painful ſilence, till the mortal ſpeak:
So far'd it with the little love-ſick maid,
Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.
He ſaw her anguiſh, and reveal'd his flame,
And ſpar'd the bluſhes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
The day would fail me, ſhould I reckon o'er
The ſighs they laviſh'd, and the oaths they ſwore
In words ſo melting, that compar'd with thoſe
The niceſt courtſhip of terreſtrial beaux
Would ſound like compliments, from country clowns
To red-cheek'd ſweet-hearts in their home-ſpun gowns.
All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers (a fairy foreſt) grew;
'Twas here one noon, the gaudieſt of the May,
The ſtill, the ſecret, ſilent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample ſhade
Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies ſlept, ah, luckleſs pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the ſun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breaſt,
Thus all the ſoftneſs of his ſoul expreſt:
'All things are huſh'd. The ſun's meridian rays
'Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:

'Nor

'Nor moon nor ſtar in heaven's blue arch is ſeen
'With kindly rays to ſilver o'er the green,
'Grateful to fairy eyes; they ſecret take
'Their reſt, and only wretched mortals wake.
'This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
'A world to me, a multitude in one.
'Oh, ſweet as dew-drops on theſe flowery lawns,
'When the ſky opens, and the evening dawns!
'Straight as the pink, that towers ſo high in air,
'Soft as the blow-bell! as the daiſy, fair!
'Bleſt be the hour, when firſt I was convey'd
'An infant captive to this bliſsful ſhade!
'And bleſt the hand that did my form refine,
'And ſhrunk my ſtature to a match with thine!
'Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
'And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
'Thou, if thy breaſt with equal ardour burn,
'Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
'So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
'A race unknown of demi-gods ſhall riſe.
'O ſpeak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
'And ſweetly ſwear my riſing fears away.'

To whom (the ſhining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies:

'By all the ſtars, and firſt the glorious moon,
'I ſwear, and by the head of Oberon,
'A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
'Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
'Where-e'er my footſteps in the dance are ſeen,
'May toadſtools riſe, and mildews blaſt the green,

'May the keen eaſt-wind blight my favourite flowers,
'And ſnakes and ſpotted adders haunt my bowers.
'Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock ſhade
'There rather pine I a neglected maid,
'Or worſe, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
'Parch in the ſun a thouſand ſummer-days,
'Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
'In ſacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'
She ended: and with lips of roſy hue
Dip'd five times over in ambroſial dew,
Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A ſun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing ſight!)
The monarch'd iſſued, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he caſt,
Nor ſpoke; but gave his bugle-horn a blaſt
That through the woodland echoed far and wide,
And drew a ſwarm of ſubjects to his ſide.
A hundred choſen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion baniſh'd from the ſacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, amidſt his demi-gods,
For Kenna's ſudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.
If fame in arms, with antient birth combin'd,
A faultleſs beauty, and a ſpotleſs mind,
To love and praiſe can generous ſouls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praiſe, was thine.
Blood, only leſs than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.

Where

Where now the ſkies high Holland-Houſe invades,
And ſhort-liv'd Warwick ſadden'd all the ſhades,
Thy dwelling ſtood: nor did in him afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.
For thee a hundred fields produc'd their ſtore,
And by thy name ten thouſand vaſſals ſwore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
All fairy ſhouted with a general voice.
Oriel alone a ſecret rage ſuppreſt,
That from his boſom heav'd the golden veſt.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly ſervants, if we truſt old tales,
Beſide their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of ſilver tokens, nightly paid
The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his ſtores. With ſmiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of heaven had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.
Mean-while, driven back to earth, a lonely way
The chearleſs Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns
Ill-meaſur'd by ten thouſand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length, a ſpreading ſtream he ſpy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
Twas then a ſpreading ſtream, though now, its fame
Obſcur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it ſtrays,
A leap for boys in theſe degenerate days.

On

On the clear cryſtal's verdant bank he ſtood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breaſt,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addreſt.
'If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
'From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
'Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
'Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive ſound,
'And urge the god, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth,
'To grace his offspring, and aſſert my birth.'
He ſaid. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the ſea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep reſides.
Rouz'd at the news, the ſea's ſtern ſultan ſwore
Revenge, and ſcarce from preſent arms forbore:
But firſt the nymph his harbinger he ſends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.
As through the Thames her backward courſe ſhe guides,
Driv'n up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pygmy legions ſpread
She ſpies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the hoſt ſhe fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his ſires;
'The ocean's god, by whom ſhall be o'erthrown,
'(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
'See here beneath a toadſtool's deadly gloom
'Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.
'Hear, and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
'By him Azuriel and his king ſhall fall.'

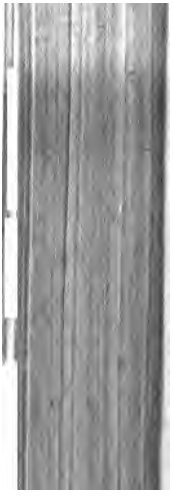
She ſaid. They bow'd: and on their ſhields up-bore
With ſhouts their new-ſaluted emperor.
Ev'n Oriel ſmil'd: at leaſt to ſmile he ſtrove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely ſhade
By gods protected, and by hoſts obey'd,
A ſlave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,
In the ſhort courſe of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, ſo ſtrangely bleſt,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breaſt!
His thick embattled troops, with ſecret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he ſeems to riſe,
And ſtruts a ſtraw-breadth nearer to the ſkies.
O for thy Muſe, great Bard *, whoſe lofty

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
Shone Aſia's ſons, a pleaſing dreadful ſight.
In various robes their ſilken troops were ſeen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's ſacred green:
When blooming Brunſwick, near the Danube's flood,
Firſt ſtain'd his maiden ſword in Turkiſh blood.
Unſeen and ſilent march the ſlow brigades
Through pathleſs wilds, and unfrequented ſhades.
In hope already vanquiſh'd by ſurprize,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he ſeiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes: and now in proſpect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hoſtile towers appear.
For Oberon, or Druids falſely ſing,
Wore his prime viſier in a magic ring,
A ſubtle ſpright, that opening plots foretold
By ſudden dimneſs on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a creſcent form'd, his legions bright
With beating boſoms waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel ſtand.
What rage that hour did Albion's ſoul poſſeſs,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers gueſs!
Forth iſſuing from his ranks, that ſtrove in vain
To check his courſe, athwart the dreadful plain
He ſtrides indignant: and with haughty cries
To ſingle fight the fairy prince defies.
Forbear! raſh youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, ſprung from mortals, with immortals vie.

No god ſtands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandſire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And ſees no danger, while he ſees her eyes.
Now from each hoſt the eager warriors ſtart,
And furious Albion flings his haſty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's tranſparent wing,
And its ſhaft ended in a hornet's ſting;
But, toſt in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltleſs pierc'd the ground.
Not ſo Azuriel's: with unerring aim,
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the ſeven-fold ſhield, and ſilken veſt,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breaſt.
Rouz d at the ſmart, and riſing to the blow,
With his keen ſword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the ſhoulder to the waſte he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.
His uſeleſs ſteel brave Albion wields no more,
But ſternly ſmiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal ſtrain,
Or leſs than fairy, felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gaſh'd and diſmember'd, eaſily unite.
As ſome frail cup of China's pureſt mold,
With azure varniſh'd, and bedropt with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by ſome nice virgin's hands,
In its old ſtrength and priſtine beauty ſtands;

The

The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
And holds ſecure the coffee's ſable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame ſay true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence firſt it grew;
And, whilſt in wonder fix'd poor Albion ſtood,
Plung'd the curſt ſabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
The breaſt, to Kenna ſacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty luſtre ſickens in his eyes:
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freſhneſs die;
'Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to ſay,
'Kenna, farewell!' and ſigh'd his ſoul away.
His fall the Dryads with loud ſhrieks deplore,
By ſiſter Naiads echo'd from the ſhore,
Thence down to Neptune's ſecret realms convey'd,
Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral ſhade.
The ſea's great ſire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident ſhakes, and mounts the pearly carr:
With one ſtern frown the wide-ſpread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into ſtorms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through burſting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It ſhoots, and lands him on the deſtin'd ſhore.
Now fix'd on earth his towering ſtature ſtood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample ſtride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the foreſts ſhook)



In deep foundations n
And high in air th' u
On his broad engine t
Which on the foe witl
Aghaſt the legions, in
Th' inverted ſpires an
That downward tumb
Cruſh'd the whole nat
Towers, arms, nymph
And a whole empire fi
Such was the period
And ſuch the downfal
This dale, a pleaſing r
This dale poſſeſt they ;
Had not their monarcl
Rent from her lord th'
Raſh to diſſolve the co
The ſolemn vows and
Now, where his elves

At length awak'd (for what can long reſtrain
Unbody'd ſpirits!) but awak'd in pain:
And as he ſaw the deſolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire ſtood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune ſeem'd to riſe:
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long poſſeſſion of a thouſand years.
Through buſh, through brake, through groves and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er ſtreams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And ſtept and ſtarted at each ruſtling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Diſperſe and wander into different lands.
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In ſilent glooms impervious to the ſky;
Part on fair Avon's margin ſeek repoſe,
Whoſe ſtream o'er Britain's midmoſt region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And ſeas and oceans are but known by fame:
Some to dark woods and ſecret ſhade retreat:
And ſome on mountains chooſe their airy ſeat.
There haply by the ruddy damſel ſeen,
Or ſhepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their ſteps a circling verdure ſprings;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
Mean-while ſad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathleſs love,
Try'd every art, (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.

What could ſhe do? the fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows (the ſame old * Homer tells
Ulyſſes bore to rival Circe's ſpells)
Its root is ebon-black, but ſends to light
A ſtem that bends with flowrets milky white,
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But ſecret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice ſhe ſhed,
And murmur'd myſtic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little ſhape by magic power
Grew leſs and leſs, contracted to a flower;
A flower, that firſt in this ſweet garden ſmil'd,
To virgins ſacred, and the ſnow-drop ſtyl'd.
The new-born plant with ſweet regret ſhe view'd,
Warm'd with her ſighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd ſeeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the ſhade.
Thus won from death each ſpring ſhe ſees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable ſnow,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
Its parent's warmth and ſpotleſs name retains,
Firſt leader of the flowery race aſpires,
And foremoſt catches the ſun's genial fires,
Mid froſts and ſnows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the ſeaſons, and leads on the year.
Deſerted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurſt, the mark of Neptune's rage,

Till

* Odyſſ. Lib. x.

Till great Naſſau recloath'd the deſart ſhade,
Thence ſacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
(Kenna that gave the neighbouring town its name.)
Proud when ſhe ſaw th' ennobled garden ſhine,
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
She vow'd to grace the manſions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far-fam'd Wiſe her flight unſeen ſhe ſped,
And with gay proſpects fill'd the craftſman's head.
Soft in his fancy drew a pleaſing ſcheme,
And plann'd that landſkip in a morning dream.
With the ſweet view the ſire of gardens fir'd,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inſpir'd,
The walls and ſtreets in rows of yew deſigns,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant ſquare;
Nor knows, while round he views the riſing ſcenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a ſad pleaſure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realm ſurvey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n from its primæval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his ſolemn obſequies ſhe pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in theſe ſhades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinſmen reign.

TO

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

OH! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
With charms to win, and ſenſe to fix the heart!
By thouſands ſought, Clotilda, canſt thou free
Thy crowd of captives, and deſcend to me?
Content in ſhades obſcure to waſte thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
O! liſten while thy ſummers are my theme,
Ah! ſooth thy partner in his waking dream!
In ſome ſmall hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his mazy train;
Or where high Windſor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and ſpreads his ample ſhade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the viſionary ſeat
Our limes begin to ſhoot, our flowers to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.
Where doſt thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameleſs lawn, and village yet unſeen?
Where ſons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travel'd further than ten furlongs round;
And the tann'd peaſant, and his ruddy bride,
Were born together, and together died.
Where early larks beſt tell the morning light,
And only Philomel diſturbs the night;
'Midſt gardens here my humble pile ſhall riſe,
With ſweets ſurrounded of ten thouſand dies;
All ſavage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes ſhall my woods aſcend;

And

And oh! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill ſhall warble croſs the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Guſh down the ſteep, and glitter though the glade.
What chearing ſcents thoſe bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thruſh how ſhrill! his note ſo clear, ſo high,
He drowns each feather'd minſtrel of the ſkies.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the ſprightly horn;
Or lure the trout with well-diſſembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the ſky.
Nor ſhall thy hand diſdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day ſhall kill the hours,
While from thy needle riſe the ſilken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to eaſe my feeble ſight,
Reſume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppreſt,
Soft whiſpering, let me warn my love to reſt;
Then watch thee, charm'd, while ſleep locks every ſenſe,
And to ſweet heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wiſe, hale, and honeſt in the days of old;
Till courts aroſe, where ſubſtance pays for ſhow,
And ſpecious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well-ſpread, and right,
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night;

Old man, as all his ſorro
Acquires ſtrange wants tha
By midnight lamps he emu
And ſleeps, perverſe, the cl
From goblets high-emboſt,
Round his clos'd ſight the g
Fruits ere their time to grace
And three untaſted courſes g
For this are nature's gentle c
The voice of conſcience, anc
This wiſdom thy reward for
And this gay glory all thy m
Fair phantoms woo'd and ſcc
Since bards began to laugh,
And yet, juſt curſe on man's
Prone to ambition, to exam
Our children's children ſhall
And the ſame errors be for e
Mean while in

In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though number'd, ſhall be all my own.
Here ſhall they end, (O! might they twice begin)
And all be white the fates intend to ſpin.

A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

" Magni magna patrant, nos non niſi ludicra——
——Podagra hæc otia fecit."

HAIL! ancient book, moſt venerable code!
Learning's firſt cradle, and its laſt abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we ſee,
By lazy plagiaries are ſtol'n from thee.
Yet future times, to thy ſufficient ſtore,
Shall ne'er preſume to add one letter more.
Thee will I ſing, in comely wainſcot bound,
And golden verge encloſing thee around;
The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preſerving thy invaluable page;
Behind, thy patron ſaint in armour ſhines,
With ſword and lance, to guard thy ſacred lines:
Beneath his courſer's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy ſcarlet cover dies;
Th' inſtructive handle 's at the bottom fix'd,
Leſt wrangling critics ſhould pervert the text.
Or if to ginger-bread thou ſhalt deſcend,
And liquoriſh learning to thy babes extend;

Or

More than contain'd of ol
What maſters dictate, or
Wiſe matrons hence, e'en
But as the name of every
(So common that each pe
Phyſicians in myſterious c
T' amuſe the patient, and
So from the letters of our
Put in Greek ſcrawls, a m
Schools are erected, puzzli
And artful men ſtrike out
Strange characters adorn t
And heedleſs youth catch
The pregnant boys the no
And * Tau's, and Delta'
Th' uncommon ſounds am
And what 's uncommon n
Yet in all tongues the Hor

In idle pages no errata ſtand,
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:
No fulſome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verſe, to praiſe the author's wit:
The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
Nor various readings to confound the text:
All parties in thy literal ſenſe agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an antient date,
Or read what modern hiſtories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
" * Too high the floods of paſſion us'd to roll,
" And rend the Roman youth's impatient ſoul;
" His haſty anger furniſh'd ſcenes of blood,
" And frequent deaths of worthy men enſued:
" In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
" None could ſuffice to ſtem the furious tide,
" Thy ſacred line he did but once repeat,
" And laid the ſtorm, and cool'd the raging heat."
Thy heavenly notes, like angels muſic, cheer
Departing ſouls, and ſooth the dying ear.
An aged peaſant, on his lateſt bed,
Wiſh'd for a friend ſome godly book to read;
The pious grandſon thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this ſavory lecture makes:
Great A, he gravely read; th' important ſound
The empty walls and hollow roof rebound:

Th'

* The advice given to Auguſtus, by Athenodorus the ſtoic philoſopher.

Whole pariſhes ſcarce kno
Of Eſſex hundreds fame g
But fame, I ween, ſays n
Scarce lives the man to wh
Though few th' extent of
Whatever wonders magic
On earth, in air, in ſea, i
What words profound and
When his old cow an ange
What ſtrong enchantments
Or Horace ſung, fierce mc
O mighty book, are all co
All human arts, and every
Within the limits of thy ſ
From thy vaſt root all lear
And all her ſtreams from t
And, lo! while thus thy v
Inſpir'd I feel the power o

prizing ſtrength comes every moment on,
and, I ſtep, I walk, and now I run.
re let me ceaſe, my hobbling numbers ſtop,
id at * thy handle hang my crutches up.

HERSITES; OR, THE LORDLING

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-GRANDSON OF A BUTCHER.

THERSITES of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel ſeed:
By the dam from Lordlings ſprung,
By the ſire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride,
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering,
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward:
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward:
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing.
Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong;
Always various, always wrong:
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates.

* Votiva Tabula. Hor.

Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From his father's ſcoundrel race,
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they maſons? Were they butchers?
Herald lend the Muſe an anſwer,
From his atavus and grandſire;
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien,
In his dreſs and figure ſeen:
Hence that mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul:

[redacted]

May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend.
In him, tell me, which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of hell?

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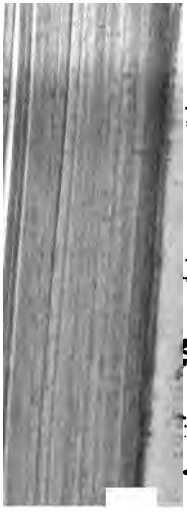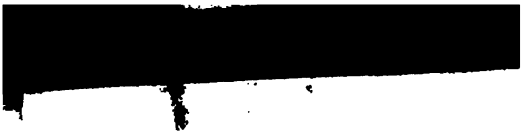
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